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Vol. CCVI, No. 2683
JULY 14, 1951

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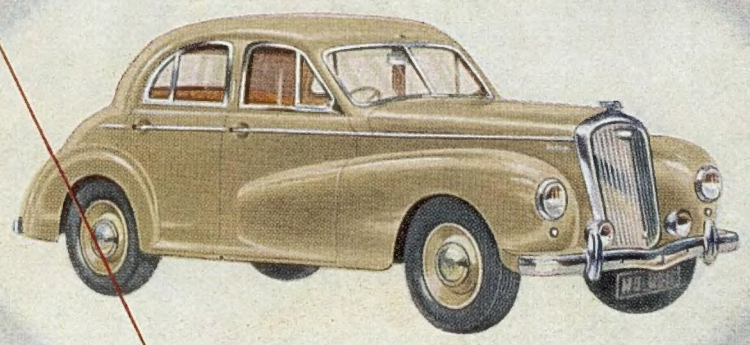
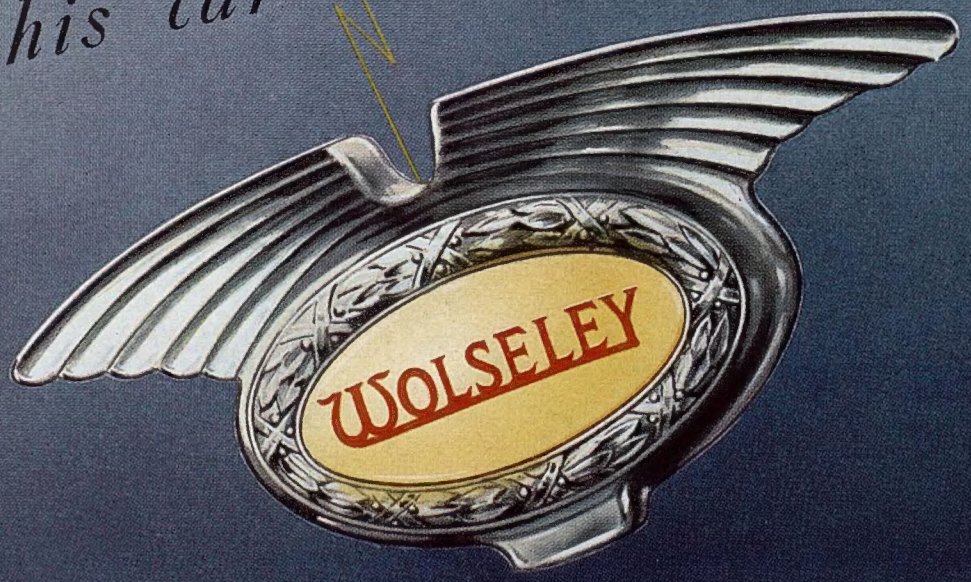


Long, low, graceful, it fits the Ritz entrance. Doormen *stand slightly straighter when it glides up...*

And inside, five's company but never a *crowd in the Wolseley "Six Eighty." Its modern lines are signs of an owner who likes his car to speak English.*



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Volume CCVI No. 2683 The SPHERE, London, July 14, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE SNORT IS TEMPORARILY BANNED—H.M.S. "TRESPASSER'S" UNDER-WATER BREATHING MAST, WHICH, TOGETHER WITH SIMILAR MASTS ON ALL OTHER SUBMARINES IN COMMISSION, IS NOW, BY ADMIRALTY ORDER, PUT OUT OF ACTION WHILE DETAILED EXAMINATION IS MADE OF THE SNORT APPARATUS DIVERS HAVE REMOVED FROM THE ILL-FATED "AFFRAY": The Snort has changed the whole status of the submarine as a weapon of war, enabling the vessel when submerged to take in air to allow of the operation of her main Diesels. With Snort equipment submarines can remain submerged for weeks.

All operational submarines in the Royal Navy now have the Snort mast, the only ones without it being on experimental training and special services. It was therefore decided, when divers returned from the depths of the English Channel with the damaged Snort of the submarine *Affray*, that the wisest course would be to ban the use of the Snort until such time as a naval board of inquiry, sitting in secret at Portsmouth, had determined to what extent a defect in the *Affray*'s Snort had contributed to her loss at sea. On submarines of the *Affray* type Snort masts are 25 ft. long, and they are fitted with two safety valves to stop water coming into the submarine, instead of air. One valve is near the head of the mast and the other in the inlet in the engine-room. The Snort, invented by a Dutchman, used by the Germans during the Second World War and since improved by the British and Americans, has made the submarine an under-water weapon of immense potentialities. Up to 1945 the submarine could have been described as a vessel which normally cruised on the surface, but was designed to dive and operate under water when required. Now all that is changed, and the submarine can work by stealth, for weeks on end if necessary. It is thought that the present ban on the equipment in the Royal Navy will not be of long duration.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

Apex of Summer.—The first week of July is the acknowledged apex of summer. Festival or no festival, pre-war or post-war, our capital and island becomes in that week the Mecca of the sporting world. The final week at Wimbledon, the Open Golf Championship, the third and vital Test Match, Henley Regatta, four plums in a rich cake of sporting events which the stars of the nations come over to share out. Time was when these stars came over here to learn the secret of "how it 's done"—"when we say we 've always won." That secret has been learned and we no longer boast about always winning. On the contrary, we are now concerned to do what we can to preserve our own national games as recreations for the many and not as sciences for showmen pot-hunters. But there *is* a secret still to be learned by invaders, the secret of the charm of the setting for these sporting events and the organisation which still makes them such good-humoured, easy, magical meetings of giants. In that field we are still pre-eminent, and despite the overcrowding on our little island, there are still green oases, greener and fresher and sweeter than anywhere else on earth, where these famous fixtures can be fought out. No doubt the pots and the prizes, keenly fought for, are greatly valued. British competitors probably win their share of them, despite our characteristic national delight in belittling ourselves. We may succeed in belittling our champions of the day, but with a few place-names, familiar in the world's ears as household words, no national effort at belittlement avails. Wimbledon, Henley, Lord's, Old Trafford, Trent Bridge, Troon, St. Andrews and now Portrush, these names make news all over the world, even behind the Iron Curtain; these names are a sweet symphony among sportsmen in many lands, and are freshly remembered in flowing cups of a score of national beverages.

Bluff and Nonsense.—Dr. Mossadeq will not rank among the seeded in a list of modern Premiers. It is even possible that history and his own people will rank him among the preposterous, and his actions as a sign of the lunacy of these times when cliques, minorities and individuals seem easily able to lead their nations to self-destruction and to control the destiny of majorities. In terror of his own assassination, he has succumbed to the mass hysteria of a minority in Persia, and put up against England and America and civilised public opinion all over the Western world such a bluff on a bust straight as no poker player can ever have dared. To reinforce his hand, he did not scruple to sacrifice his own bankrupt country and to dishonour its pledges, and for several weeks he went from strength to strength, urged on by the wobble and lack of policy of the British Government, apparently certain in his own mind that his bluff would succeed, that America would be convinced of the "justice" of his claim, and that the chiefs and the technicians of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company would fall into line and quickly respond to the orders of untrained and unskilled native substitutes. To "encourage" them he drafted an Anti-Sabotage Bill which he has now apparently seen fit to withdraw. And now he blows hot and cold, is ready to eat some of his words, would be thankful to eat most of them. But clearly he must fight to the end to save his own face. He thought (and I think he really had some reason to think) that any bluff, any show of defiance, in Egypt or Albania or Iran or wherenot, could quickly bring England round with its hat in its hand or down on its shabby knees in mute surrender after a futile battle of words.

Order or Disorder?—There is to-day not much left to learn of the utter futility of diplomacy which is not backed by some degree of strength which can be used against an aggressor. That section may be the judgment of an international court or even less official public opinion, but whatever body of opinion gives the verdict, that verdict must be enforceable by a sanction which at the ultimate end is military force, the very thing which civilisation has striven to outlaw by means of its international Leagues and Unions. These desirable tribunals, then, are but an intermediate stage set between aggression or breach of moral and international laws and the ultimate awful sanction. And it is exactly the same in microcosm as it is between Great Powers. If a docker joins an unofficial strike in defiance of his union and his pledged word, it is national chaos if the law which convicts him carries no punishment. If a world court brands Albania as an aggressor and condemns her to pay, it is world chaos if she snaps her fingers and if no international police force exists to distrain on her. And now, domestically and internationally, the nations have come to a pass. Unless discipline and the acceptance of the obligations of service and world citizenship are reimposed, after the madness of world wars, in small matters and in big, our civilisation will soon enough disintegrate. All eyes that can see anything will therefore be fixed now on Persia and Korea, and nearer home, on the immediate future of industrial relations and disputes.

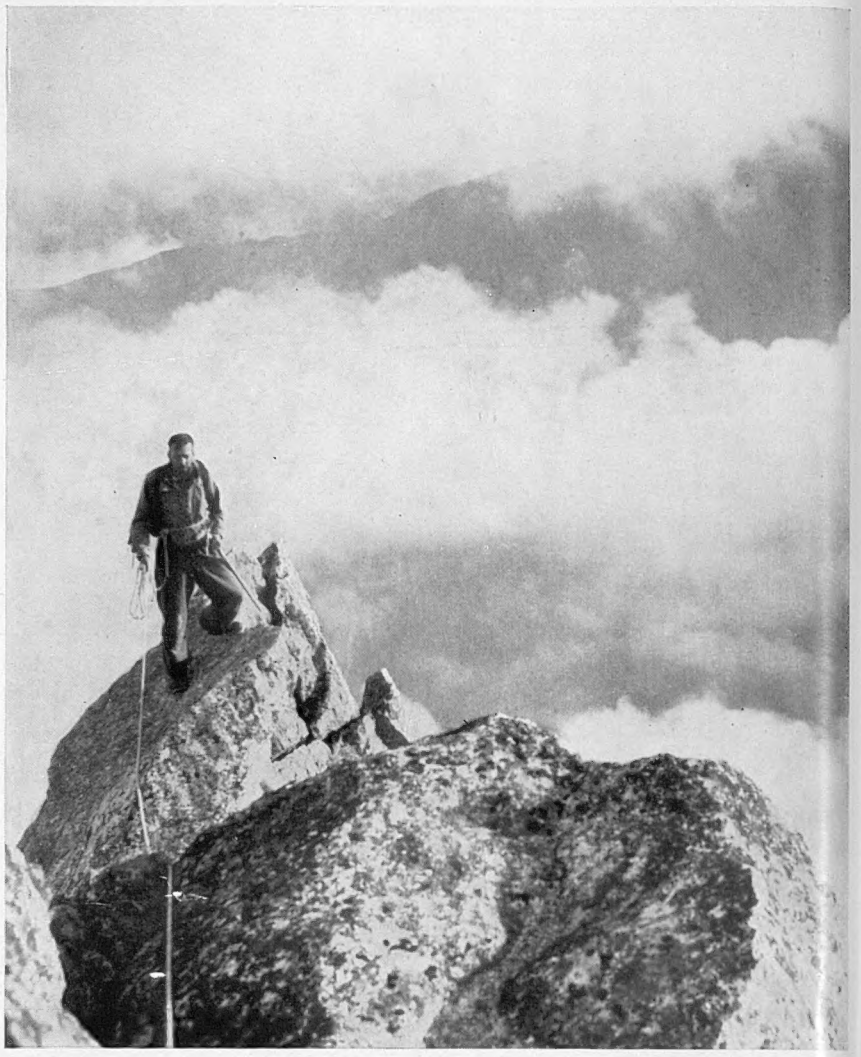
Glyndebourne.—The charms of Glyndebourne are so widely acknowledged that even the semi-musical will make great sacrifices to taste Mr. John Christie's famous recipe which is by no means prepared only for the expert palate. Inside the opera house there is music at its best, but outside there is an enchanting garden of an English manor house and an incomparable wider setting of English country at the sweet of the year. The occasion, therefore, for perfection, needs a lovely summer day, but the sweets inside are sufficient to compensate for the loss of outdoor amenity, should it be cold and wet. Glyndebourne can never offer the heart-break and despair of a wet day at Lord's or Wimbledon. Yet those who go to Glyndebourne, especially across country, must make sacrifices and take risks. I acknowledge I am a fanatic about ceremonial dress. I regard the topper and tail-coat as a barbarous tyranny to-day, and evening clothes as suitable only for formal dinners and balls and full-dress theatrical and social occasions in towns. Nevertheless, if we must put on evening clothes by order for Glyndebourne, with the object of doing honour to the artists, we cheerfully bow to the ukase. Yet, if the opera start at half-past five in the afternoon, the sacrifice we make is not inconsiderable. We have fifty miles to drive across Sussex. See us all dressed up in our evening clothes by 2.30. See us in patent-leather shoes or brocade, the cynosure of rustic eyes, enjoying a picnic tea by the seashore near Lewes (for punctuality is essential or we lose an act of the opera). See us perhaps squelching in those same frail shoes from car-park to opera house through pools of water. . . . These sacrifices to tyrannical convention are justified by the art of the artists . . . but sometimes only just. And do the artists really insist on it? Mr. Christie himself is, in matters of dress, by no means conventional. But, when the goal is reached and the weather smiles, what trivial sacrifice is too much for the experiences which Glyndebourne offers? Who would not come down to breakfast wearing fancy dress, if thereby he might do greater honour to the stars who interpret Mozart and to the flowers in the one-colour and multi-coloured borders of Glyndebourne's glades? Not I. I would eat my poached egg in Count Almaviva's black and silver, if such new finery was within the compass of private citizens.

"Tea and Crumpets."—Two American brothers—the Gapes, of Ohio—were given the chance by an English relation to inherit an estate in Cambridgeshire on the condition of leaving the U.S. and living on the English property. Each in turn refused. The elder hoped he yet might "eat his cake and have it." The younger was more uncompromising. He said: "I don't want to be an English gentleman and do nothing but sit around and have tea and crumpets." This is interesting. Ohio is not Ultima Thule, and men from Ohio before now have penetrated into the *terra incognita* of London and its country towns. It is odd, therefore, that Ohio's idea of England should still be Trollope's England. The brothers Gape should think again, for, even if they refuse the inheritance, they could be usefully and profitably employed over here as propagandists, and even Ministers, in Mr. Bevan's new party. For it is still Trollope's England which influences the demagogic utterances of Socialist broadcasters and tub-thumpers. To them, a duke is still a Duke of Omnium, and an English squire still a Mr. Gresham and an English archdeacon still as comfortable as Dr. Grantley. What do they know of England who only Trollope know? Such people live in "the village that voted the earth was flat." *Crumpets*, fellers! Come over here from Ohio to our Festival and have a look at our Dukes of Omnium sitting pretty, our Greshams and Grantleys jugging poachers and preserving pheasants. *Crumpets!* The iron curtain covers Ohio. There are better reasons than crumpets for refusing to take on the responsibilities of an English squire to-day.

Export of Art Treasures.—What *is* truth? Pilate, if alive, would probably agree with me that his oratorical question is given its enigmatical point in correspondence printed in *The Times*. You get perhaps four letters in a day on a particular subject, and two will flatly contradict the other two. Thus, the other day I easily (and with glorious ignorance of my facts) declared that our surviving treasures of art are still uncountable and largely uncounted, and that they were leaving this island only in a *trickle*, if judged by the wealth we still possess. Then comes the evidence of a number of fine-art experts, who declare that the "Authorities" are blandly indifferent to the preservation of such treasures in Britain, and who with their own eyes have seen packed up for export quantities of Coalport and Crown Derby china, and unique French woodcarving and Flemish paintings, with the exporters themselves wringing their hands even as they tie the string. And below this denouncement we read assurances that the authority is lynx-eyed and allows nothing important to go to America or elsewhere, and merely lets out a few minor trifles to keep those Americans tolerably cultured. What is truth? What, for that matter, is a dollar worth?

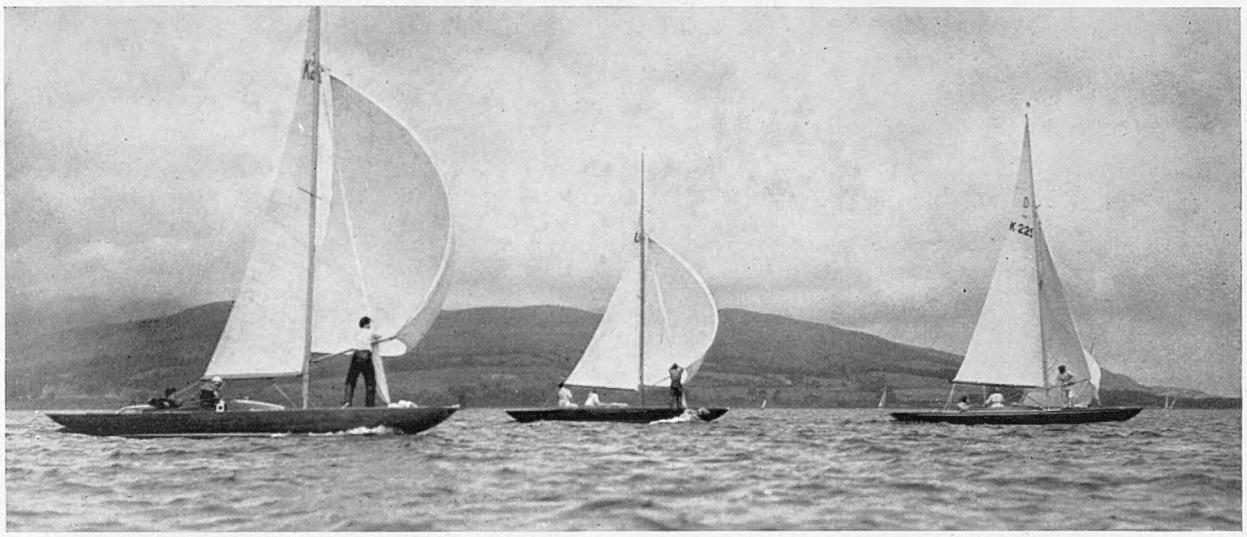
"Left After Tax."—Mr. Jay supplied a tell-tale table showing the amount of earned income on the highest scale left after payment of income taxes, in 1914, in 1939 and to-day. In 1914 the £10,000-a-year man had £9,300 left to spend. In 1951 he has £3,600. In 1914 the £50,000-a-year man had £45,900 left to spend. In 1951 he has £5,100. For my part, I have never understood why any man in finance and industry should draw salaries five times more than a Prime Minister; and when I read of the emoluments of leading industrialists in America, I begin to sympathise with vindictive supertax for ceiling incomes. But when the other day I listened to the coo-ings of Miss Bacon on the wireless, I found it difficult to subscribe to her apparent assumption that supertax on the present scales for all incomes subject to it was "the most natural thing in the world," and a national institution which no sensible man would wish to modify. That theory seems to be much the same as the precept that to make farming pay, you should rob your neighbour's hen-roost.

THE OLD STAGER



EVEREST, A NEW APPROACH—MR. W. H. MURRAY, LEADER OF THE FORTHCOMING MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION, SEEN AT THE SUMMIT OF AN UNNAMED AND PREVIOUSLY UNCLIMBED PEAK NEAR DUNAGIRI, IN THE GARWHAL DISTRICT: Mr. Murray, a member of the Alpine Club and the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and one of the world's leading climbers, will lead the reconnaissance expedition to the south side of Everest this autumn. It is known from the photographs and surveys of previous expeditions that the south ridge is a possible route to the summit, but the approaches to the south col at the foot of this ridge are unexplored. The party hopes to find a route to the south col and expects to study the conditions of snow and climate on the mountain after the monsoon. Permission has been granted by the Government of Nepal, and the party is expected to leave early in August. The expedition will be the eighth to visit the 29,002-ft.-high mountain. Five of the previous expeditions were unsuccessful attempts to climb it, and two were for the purposes of reconnaissance. The last climbing attempt was in 1938, when the party was beaten by the snow after reaching 27,300 ft. In the previous attempt in 1933, P. Wyn-Harris and L. R. Wager were turned back by dangerous conditions after reaching 28,100 ft. In 1924 Irvine and L. Mallory lost their lives in the climb.

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN REGATTAS ON THE CLYDE: Speeding with bellying sails on the flat, grey waters of the Clyde, these Dragon-class yachts are taking part in the race for the Western Cup during the Festival Clyde Fortnight series of regattas at Rothesay. The Western Cup was won by Thorkil Warrer in his Danish Dragon *Lil*, which so far has dominated the scene, excelling in all kinds of sailing and in very varied weather. The Edinburgh Cup, presented by the Duke of Edinburgh, and the M'Ivor Trophy have also fallen to the Dane, who, at the time of writing, has already staked a substantial claim, with two firsts and maximum points, to the Dragon Gold Cup, the most important event still to be decided. Last year the Gold Cup was won by the Norwegian yacht *Pan* and this year it is again a Norwegian—the *Spadilje VIII*—which is the *Lil's* keenest rival. Yet the *Lil*, with 3,417 points, is still 778 better than the *Spadilje VIII*.



A STIFF BREEZE SENDS THE YACHTS SKIPPING DOWN THE CLYDE: During the race for the Western Cup these craft are led by Mr. J. G. Graham Batting's *Whisper II*. In the international races the foreign challenge proved too great for British yachtsmen, and Thorkil Warrer's *Lil* deservedly carried off cup after cup with an astonishing ease.

WHITE SAILS ON THE GREY CLYDE

The Triumph of the Danish Dragon "Lil" at the Festival Fortnight

On left—Brendan Maguire's *Minx of Malham*, which won the I.C.C. Donegan Cup during the regattas at Rothesay, taking part in the race for prizes presented by the Royal Western Yacht Club.

Above—Craft of the Dragon class are towed to the starting-line by a big "sister," R. M. Teacher's *Mariella*, for the Parker Challenge Cup event during the Festival of Britain fortnight of Clyde regattas.

THE QUEEN AT THE CAMBRIDGE SHOW

A ROYAL VISITOR AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S FESTIVAL SHOW AT CAMBRIDGE : The Queen presents the Burke Trophy for the Ayrshire Class to Mr. D. R. Bone, chairman of the Ayrshire Cattle Breeders' Association of England and Wales. Her Majesty was welcomed by a crowd of nearly 50,000 people and was received at the Royal Pavilion by Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Cator, this year's President. During her tour of the Show the Queen congratulated head herdsman Robert Crowe, who has worked on the Sandringham Estate for over forty years. The Queen was present at the grand ring for the judging of the supreme champions in the beef and dairy and dual-purpose sections.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL WITH THE LADIES IN GREEN

THE PRINCESS ROYAL, CONTROLLER COMMANDANT OF THE WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS, VISITS THE W.R.A.C. SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION AT HURON CAMP, HINDHEAD, SURREY : The Princess Royal is seen in conversation with an officer cadet during her inspection at the School's passing-out parade. She subsequently took the salute at a march-past. During the ceremony the Princess Royal presented the Sash of Honour, awarded for outstanding leadership, to Officer Cadet N. Weaver, of Basford, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire. All those taking part in the passing-out parade wore the new bottle-green uniform which was approved by the King after sketches and models had been submitted to the Queen, Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Royal.

INDEPENDENCE DAY AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY

A FOURTH OF JULY GARDEN-PARTY AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON : From left to right on the terrace at the Embassy are—Mr. John Perry Gifford and Mrs. Gifford ; H.E. the American Ambassador and Mrs. Walter S. Gifford and Mr. Sam Perry Gifford and Mrs. Gifford. In the evening of Independence Day Mr. Gifford presided at the annual Independence Day dinner and ball of the American Society in London and proposed the toast, "The Day We Celebrate."

MANY OCCASIONS

From London to the Wilds of Wales and Scotland

THE DAUGHTER OF THE MASTER OF ARMOURIES AT THE TOWER OF LONDON MARRIES THE SON OF A CONSERVATIVE M.P. : Mr. Charles William Richards Pickthorn, elder son of Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn, M.P., and Mrs. Pickthorn, and the former Miss Helen Antonia Mann, the twenty-three-year-old only daughter of Sir James and Lady Mann, seen after their wedding in the Chapel Royal at the Tower of London. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Guildford, the Rt. Rev. H. C. M. Campbell, assisted by the Rev. R. M. La Porte-Payne. The bride, who was given away by her father, was dressed in a gown of cantaloupe-coloured tulle embroidered with gold leaves, and a head-dress of gold and pearls. A guard of honour was provided by Yeomen Warders and the reception was held in a marquee on the barrack square. Sir James Mann has been Surveyor of the King's Works of Arts since 1946 and the Master of the Armouries since 1939.

THE PICKTHORN-MANN WEDDING AT THE TOWER CHAPEL

A PICTURESQUE JULY WEDDING IN THE CITY—THE NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE RECEIVE THEIR GUESTS ON THE LAWN AT THE TOWER OF LONDON : A general view of the reception after the wedding in the Chapel Royal. *On right*—The bride and bridegroom passing through a guard of honour composed of Yeomen Warders in State dress. The bride was attended by seven-year-old Susannah Pinney.

A NEW SCOTTISH HOLIDAY HOSTEL

PRINCESS ALICE OPENS A NEW YOUTH HOSTEL IN SCOTLAND: Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, makes a tour of inspection at Kilmory Castle, Argyllshire, one of the houses of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, which she declared open last week. Kilmory Castle was bought by the Association with money from the South African Aid-to-Britain Fund. Standing in 95 acres of land, the house accommodates up to seventy young people, who will spend their holidays there. In her address the Princess paid tribute to the kindness of the people of South Africa.

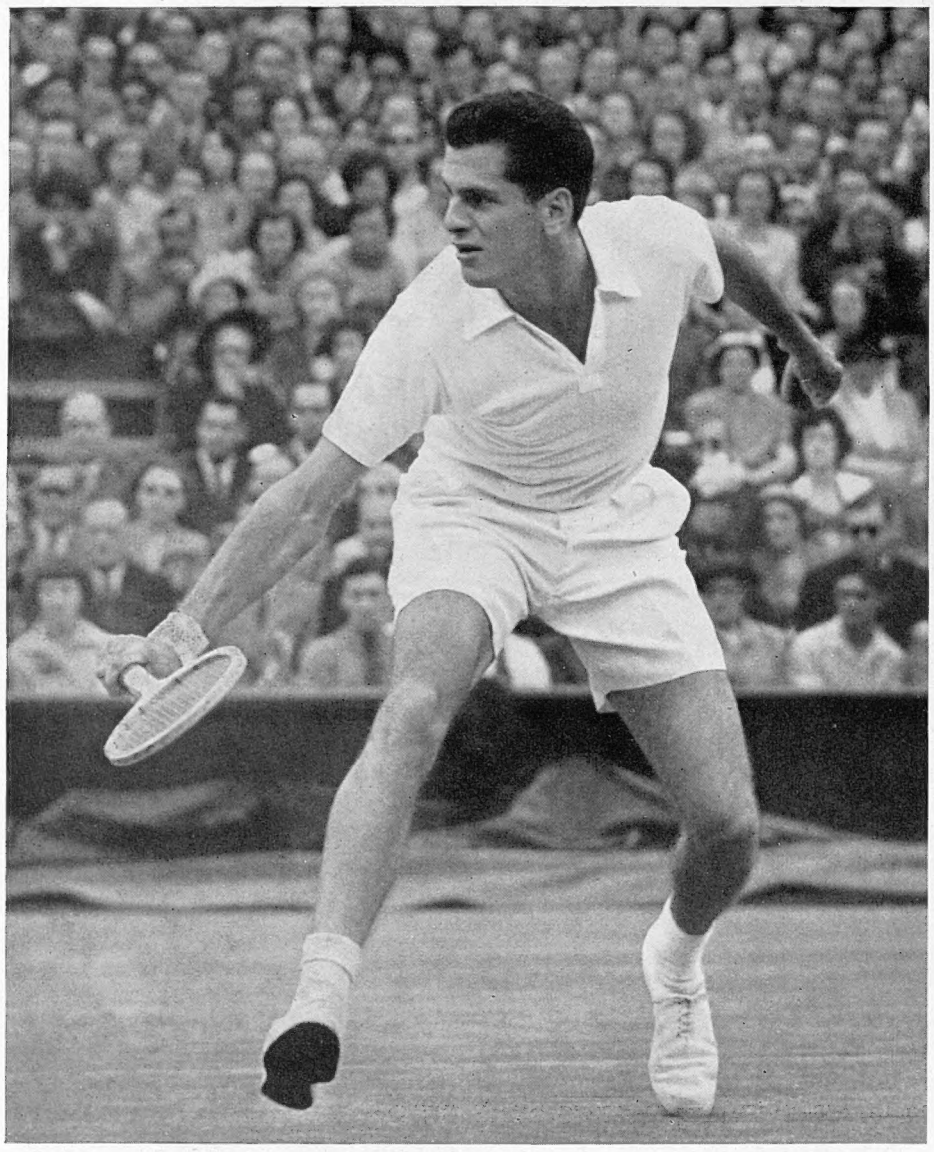
A PRINCESS PLANTS A TREE: Princess Alice planting a tree in the grounds of Kilmory Castle, after she had declared it open last week as a holiday home for young people.

THE FIFTH INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT LLANGOLLEN

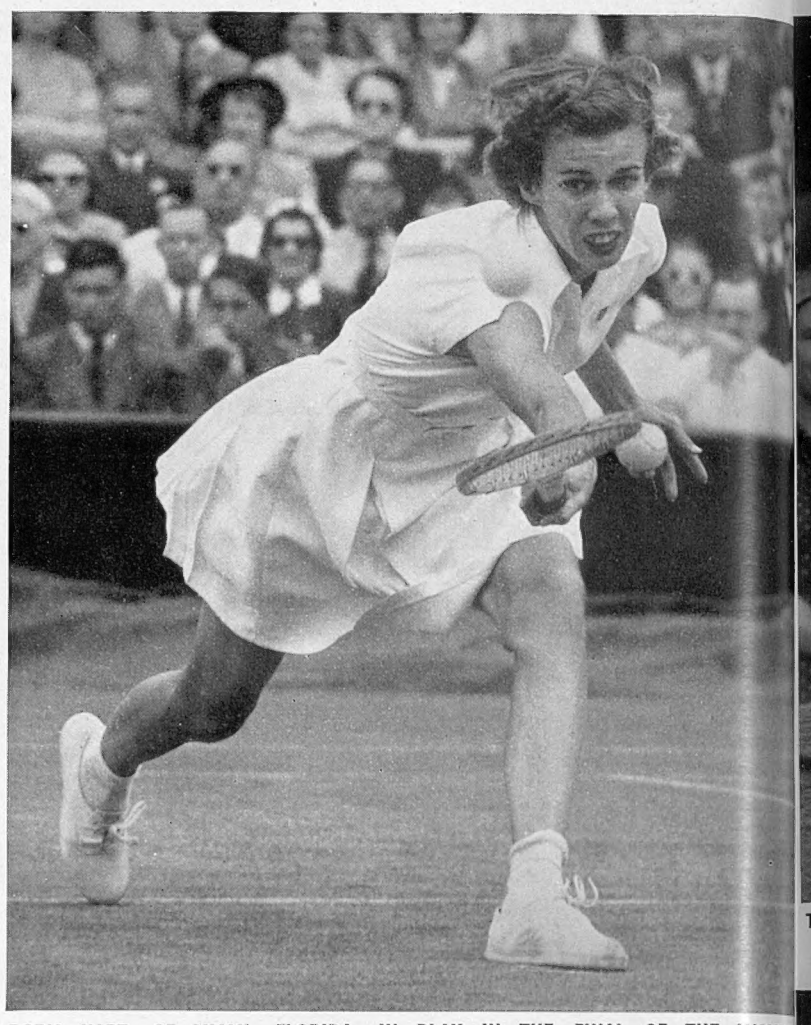
A SOLEMN EUCHARIST IS CELEBRATED IN THE RUINED ABBEY OF VALLE CRUCIS DURING THE LLANGOLLEN INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD: The Bishop of St. Asaph was the celebrant at the service which was held during the fifth International Eisteddfod in the little town and valley of Llangollen, Wales. Every year for the past five years, singers, dancers and musicians from many foreign lands have travelled to the quiet valley of Llangollen where, with their Welsh hosts, they compete together in an atmosphere of warm friendliness fostered by the universal appeal of the arts they practise. Bizarre dances of Eastern Europe, and folk-songs of the Far North bring visitors from far and wide, swelling the local population to many times its normal size. This year competitors ranged from the Finland Choir, more than 120 strong, to folk-dancers from Yugoslavia and the Ukraine. Whirling in their colourful costumes on the sober hillsides of a quiet Welsh valley, dancers from behind the Iron Curtain showed how art can triumph over politics. When the Eisteddfod ended at midnight on Saturday it was found that all attendance records had been broken. There were 30,000 present on Saturday, bringing the total for the week to nearly 130,000. The committee expects to show a satisfactory surplus in spite of greatly increased liabilities this year.

THE WEST HIGHLAND FESTIVAL AT DUROR

A HIGHLIGHT OF THE WEST HIGHLAND FESTIVAL WEEK AT DUROR, NORTH ARGYLL—A PERFORMANCE OF COMPTON MACKENZIE'S JACOBITE PLAY, "THE LOST CAUSE": These two scenes from the play, which was presented on a stretch of heather above Cuill Bay, show (*above*) the children dancing a Highland reel in honour of "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" (James McTaggart) arrival in the village, and (*on right*) his arrival on Scottish soil to proclaim his cause. Another play which was performed during the festival was Angus MacVicar's *Murder in Lettermore*. The West Highland Festival Week, organised by the Kentallen and Duror Community Association as part of the Festival of Britain celebrations, opened with services of dedication in St. Adamnan's Episcopal Church at Duror, and the Church of Scotland, Duror. The festival activities were held in a field sloping down to a bay of Loch Linnhe, backed by the hills of Lorne and looking to the mountains of Morven and of Glencoe. Apart from the two plays, there were exhibitions of Highland home industries and Highland and Scottish country dancing.



DICK SAVITT, OF ORANGE, NEW JERSEY, WHO HAS NEVER IN HIS LIFE TAKEN A TENNIS LESSON, SEEN ON THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON LAST WEEK, WHERE HE ESTABLISHED HIMSELF AS THE WORLD'S NO. I AMATEUR PLAYER: In the final of the Wimbledon Men's Singles Savitt defeated Ken McGregor of Australia, accounting for his opponent in three straight sets in the space of sixty-three minutes, the score being 6—4, 6—4, 6—4. The twenty-four-year-old American, on his first foreign tour and making his first Wimbledon appearance, produced a wonderful array of volleys and passing shots. Savitt is also the champion of Australia, having defeated Bromwich, Sedgman, and McGregor for that title. Savitt's penetrating attack from the backhand is said to be the outstanding feature of his play. He has a flair for forcing difficult positions on his opponents.

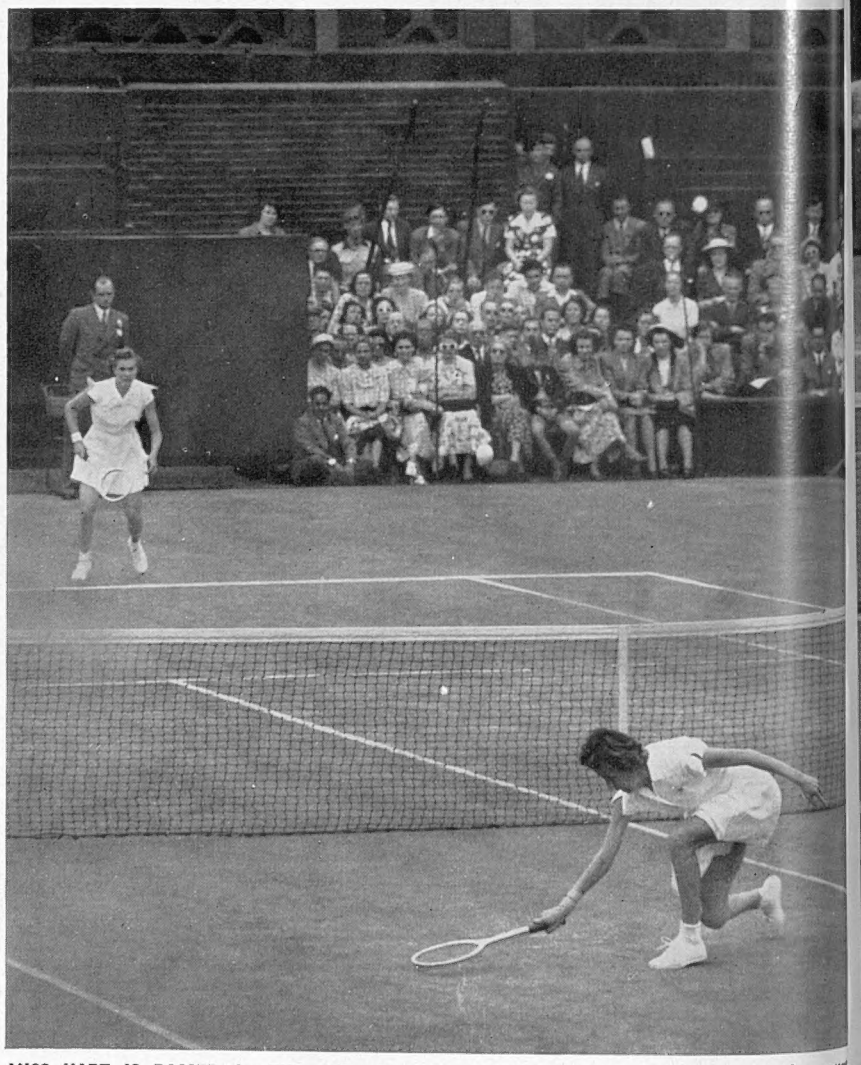


DORIS HART, OF MIAMI, FLORIDA, IN PLAY IN THE FINAL OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES IN WHICH SHE DEFEATED MISS SHIRLEY FRY OF AKRON, OHIO: It has been Miss Hart's misfortune to falter in the closing stages of many tournaments, but not at Wimbledon 1951, where she captured the Singles, the Women's Doubles in partnership with Miss Fry, and the Mixed Doubles in partnership with Sedgman. Miss Hart has progressed steadily with each appearance at Wimbledon. She is beyond doubt the best stroke player of all the Americans, possessing devastating power in her forehand. In the Singles final she beat Miss Fry 6—1, 6—0, never allowing her opponent a single moment of ascendancy.

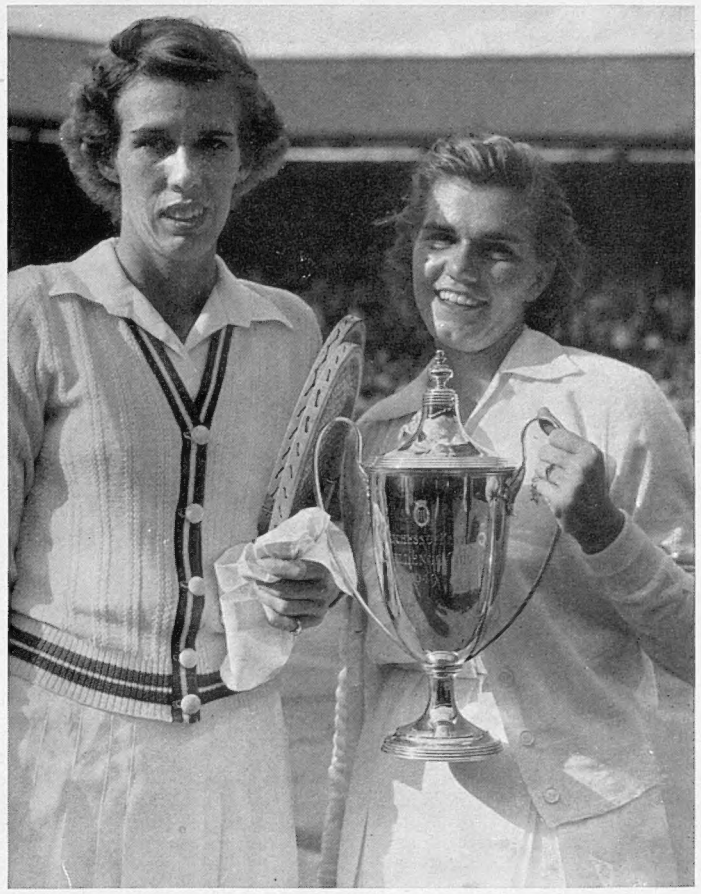
WIMBLEDON ROLL OF HONOUR

AMERICA TRIUMPHS ONCE AGAIN IN THE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SINGLES; A CONSOLATION FOR THE AUSTRALIANS IN THE DOUBLES

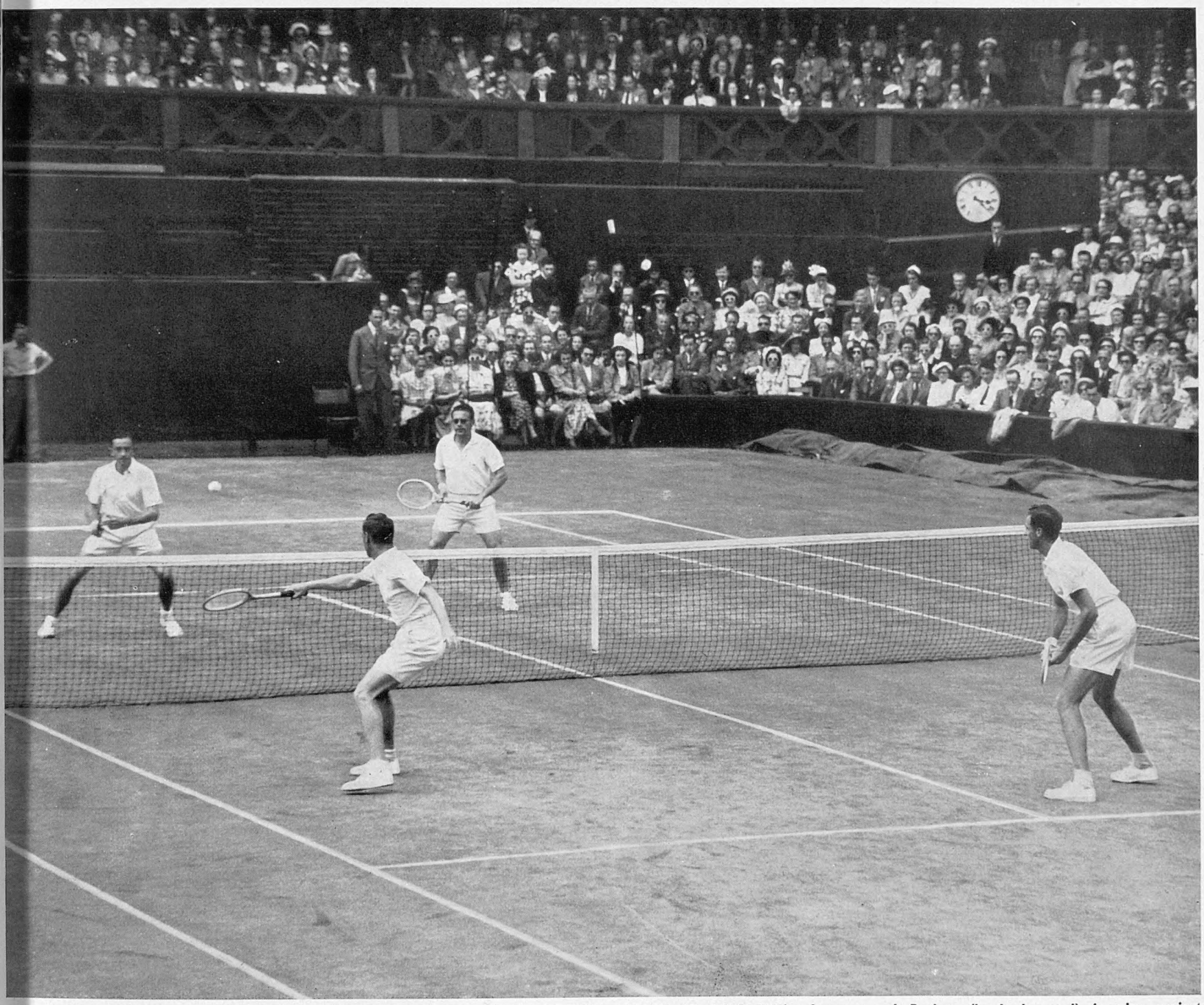
A PASSING SHOT BY KEN MCGREGOR: The Australian player (seen in foreground) making a neat return beyond the reach of Savitt during their final in the Men's Singles. McGregor received some consolation for his defeat when he triumphed in the Men's Doubles in company with his fellow Australian, Sedgman.



MISS HART IS PASSED AT THE NET: Miss Fry is watching from the back of the court after a successful drive which the champion failed to intercept. Miss Fry, who triumphed over Miss Hart in Paris, was unable to cope with the pace of Miss Hart's game, and, for her, winners such as this were few and far between.



TO THE VICTORS THE SPOILS: *Left*—The Duchess of Kent presenting the cup for the Men's Singles to Dick Savitt, winner at his first attempt. Ken McGregor, the runner up, is seen standing just behind the Duchess. *Right*—Doris Hart and Shirley Fry with the Duchess of Kent Challenge Cup, which they received for their victory in the Women's Doubles. They defeated Miss Brough and Mrs. Du Pont, the holders, in a thrilling duel which went to 6—3, 11—9, producing some sparkling tennis.



TWO AUSTRALIANS WIN THE MEN'S DOUBLES AND THUS STEM THE TIDE OF AMERICAN VICTORY AT WIMBLEDON: Sturgess and Drobny (in background) in play against Sedgman and McGregor, when the last-named pair won 3—6, 6—2, 6—3, 3—6, 6—3. Mulloy and Savitt, Patty and Richardson, the last of the Americans, were eliminated in the semi-finals, leaving Drobny (representing Egypt), a South African, and two Australians in the final. This was really Sedgman's match, and he stamped himself as a great doubles player. His return of service from the backhand court was masterly. This doubles title was previously held by Bromwich and Quist.

TROTSKYIST ISHMAELS OF WORLD POLITICS

The Heirs of Leon Trotsky, the Unwanted Wanderer

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ELEVEN years ago, less a few weeks, Leon Trotsky, born Braunstein, had his skull fatally broken by an ice-pick wielded from behind in the study of the villa outside Mexico City, which the arch-revolutionary thought had been sufficiently made into a personal fortress. He had not reckoned sufficiently with the N.K.V.D., now the M.V.D., Beria's secret police, operating directly under Kremlin orders.

This terrorist organisation with world-wide tentacles might have " got " Trotsky at any time in the previous dozen or more years, when the man whom Stalin most hated and feared on earth was leading a precarious exile's existence, now in Turkestan, now in the Sea of Marmora, now in Norway, before making his last landfall in the New World.

All the time he had been working brilliantly at his theme of world revolution, then violently opposed to Stalin's conception of establishing a Socialist Russia (on the way to full Communism) and relying on its making converts by example. All the time Trotsky was making that most grievous of charges against the Russian Dictator—that he had departed from true Marxism and Leninism. Why did the Kremlin wait so long before striking ?

A first attempt in May 1940 failed. A second attempt in August succeeded. It succeeded because the then N.K.V.D. managed to place one of its agents, Robert Sheldon Harte, in Trotsky's villa as one of the latter's strong-arm men. Harte's job was to give access to the fortified villa, after which he was to be hidden in the neighbourhood while the hue-and-cry was on, prior to being smuggled out of the country.

But the Kremlin has small use for such as have served its purpose and may know a thing or two, and Harte was shot some days later in the " refuge " to which he had been taken. His body was buried in quicklime in the basement, where it was later discovered by accident. General Salazar, Mexican Secret Service chief, was only partially successful in hunting down both sets of murderers, and last year collaborated with a militant anti-Stalinist named Gorkin, in an unusual combination of detective-thriller and Communist tract.

The joint authors wound up by a search for motive and came down to three final probabilities—(*a*) vengeance pure and simple ; (*b*) fear of Trotsky's influence with the world revolutionary movement at a time when Stalin had been badly compromised by his association with the Nazis ; (*c*) the necessity of cutting short Trotsky's work on his " Life of Stalin." They plumped in the end for (*c*), and were probably right, because the full revelations could but have borne on (*b*).

No doubt many people have wondered from time to time, on reading Moscow and Cominform blasts against " Titoist and Trotskyist traitors," who are more bitterly attacked, if possible, than " Western imperialist spies," just how much there is in the dragging of Trotsky's ghost into contemporary affairs. Were one to go by the frequency and the virulence with which the Stalinist world assails " Trotskyites " and " Trotskyism," that ice-pick in the Mexican villa decidedly did not do its work.

The devotees of world revolution on the principle of " Workers of the World—Unite," as opposed to a Kremlin chauvinism by which all must own to Russian headship, must be still many in the land. Yet what basis in fact has the reiterated Stalinist warning against Trotskyism ? May not the term be used because it is the most widely known form of anathema, conjuring at once in the minds of the faithful those who dared to conspire against the Great and Good Father Stalin ?

Who are the Trotskyists ? Do they exist at all as a party, and, if so, what do they stand for, and where ? Are they just another word for the Titoists ? Have they merged with the latter ? Or are they a mere bogy agitated by Moscow to explain purges and to suit party tactics ?

Two recent events threw some light on such legitimate questionings. Trotsky's widow, Nathalie, flounced out of the Fourth International, which was the brain-child of her husband—and a Trotskyite candidate in one of the constituencies of the Red Belt round Paris polled something like 5 per cent. of the votes. This candidate did not stand as one of the new-fangled National Communists (not necessarily Titoist in allegiance) who deny Stalin the right to call on them to bear arms against their own country. He came out squarely as a Trotskyist in a vital centre and showed that the party and the Fourth International are not dead.

One reason for his relative success was that he made the French Communist leaders look like monkeys. These know they never could have won their still great following if they had not convinced French workers that their aim was a national, French Communism. Yet they had to denounce this very thing by saying that Titoism (National Communism) is no longer a deviation but " the last stand of Trotskyism " and " a collection of Fascist spies and assassins under the orders of the imperialist warmongers."

Both at the Kravchenko and the Rousset libel hearings, the Parisian public learnt a lot about surviving Trotskyism. Rousset was sent to Buchenwald for spreading Trotskyist propaganda in the Wehrmacht. But undoubtedly Trotskyism reached its peak in Western Europe during the Spanish Civil War. The Republicans in Catalonia were widely Trotskyist in sympathy and the struggle would have been cut short but for the driving power of Barcelona's P.O.U.M. organisation.

It was in the middle of this carnage that Trotsky inspired the Fourth International, in 1938, and ten years were to elapse before it held its second World Congress. That was in 1948, and the locale, a house not a stone's-throw from the statue of Danton, the Trotsky of an earlier Revolution, who displays his audacious bearing to all who wander in the Odéon quarter of Paris.

About fifty delegates attended, " including representatives of countries under American or Soviet occupation " according to the only communiqué. That as many turned up, mostly by stealth or subterfuge, was remarkable, since most of the leaders are condemned to live in illegality, political Ishmaels against whom every man's hand is turned. War and persecution have thinned their ranks, deviations have led many astray, yet that company meeting in secret in the Latin Quarter was almost as buoyant as if the lost leader had been there.

According to one who was present, when the conclave was over, the fifty returned " home " as secretly as they had come, there to renew the struggle " deep underground " against President Truman, and the then important Mr. Wallace and Mr. Bevin, M. Schuman, President Gottwald, the Caudillo, Marshal Tito, Pandit Nehru and Joseph Stalin above all. To-day, doubtless General Eisenhower, Chancellor Adenauer and Mr. Morrison are among those who have been added.

There was one curious revelation at that Congress—the part the British Empire plays in Trotskyism. I am not referring to J. Haston, of Edinburgh, Secretary of the Revolutionary Communist Party of Great Britain, with an office in Harrow Road, London, W.2. He was in Paris, and one of his troubles since then has been that the *Daily Worker* won't invite him to their peace rallies. That oracle doesn't consider Haston to be " an organisation interested in peace," whereas according to Haston :

" Most politically literate people are aware that the Trotskyists have held a consistent anti-war policy, nationally and internationally. They will be aware, too, that the reason for our exclusion is motivated by the policy of political discrimination against a tendency which the Stalinists fear to meet in public debate and discussion."

Dear, dear me, these people who are ready to lavish peace on one provided one allows them to tramp all over one !

However, leaving Haston in the Harrow Road, let us journey out to Colombo, where the remarkable spectacle is offered (or rather, was, in 1948) of fifteen Trotskyist deputies in the Singalese Parliament, against five Stalinist M.P.s. Proportionately, this must be far the largest number of Trotskyist members ever to sit in any Parliament.

One of the Ceylon M.P.s got to that 1948 World Congress, Mr. Colvin de Silva, while a second, Dr. Perera, was regarded last year as a possible official Leader of the Opposition. But then the party began to split up, and to-day there are three factions claiming to be the only true Lanka Sama Samaj—Trotskyite party of Ceylon—and the Stalinists rejoice that the Trotskyites have been well paid out for their " betrayal of the working-class movement."

In point of fact, Trotskyism was going strong in others of the smaller Asian lands up to the war, notably among the Annamites, and if little is heard of it to-day owing to wars and violence, that is not to say the last word has been spoken in such latitudes—particularly should the Stalinists come to be discredited by failure to match up to their self-set mission of domination.

Chief handicap of the Trotskyists is that no one has come near stepping into the shoes of the brilliant Leon. If anyone was heading that way, his course has been blocked by inability to move about, maintain contacts, organise. Trotsky's great hope in going to Mexico was that he might proselytise on a growing scale in all three of the Americas—Central, South and North—and in the short time vouchsafed him he did begin to make inroads, all of which have by no means died out.

Trotskyism survives in quite a number of American Republics which pay scant attention to Titoism, as yet largely an export for Europe only, while it is not unlikely that more of the Communists being detained or screened north of the Rio Grande are Trotskyists by indoctrination, than the F.B.I. allows.

Over here, in Europe, Braunstein would appear to have left his mark most in industrial centres of Spain and France. But it is hard to tell, on account of the random use made of " Trotskyism " by the Stalinists to denote their pet abomination. Gottwald frequently inveighs against the breed in Prague, while such trouble as the Stalinists have encountered in Albania has likewise been attributed to " Trotskyists."

The really interesting question to-day is how far the Trotskyites might eventually coalesce with the Titoists, since both claim the trusteeship of the grail of true Marxism, both are apparently against Moscow, and both are Communist with no other ideological thought. On the surface, the two would seem to be headed for a meeting under National Communism. Yet Titoism is showing itself far more " live and let live " vis-à-vis the West, than ever Trotskyism has done.

All Communism is akin to religion, and comparisons could well be made between its current heresies and those of the later stages of the early Christian Church. As these dwindled, doctrines became refined, branched off, and sometimes transmitted their ideas to new sects which espoused them with renewed vigour. Queerer things could happen than that Trotskyism should follow a like course, and Titoism and any other heretical " isms " too.

THE RED DEAN IN MOSCOW—DR. HEWLETT JOHNSON, DEAN OF CANTERBURY, RECEIVING THE DIPLOMA AND GOLD MEDAL OF THE INTERNATIONAL STALIN PEACE PRIZE FROM MR. A. SKOBELTSYN, CHAIRMAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL STALIN PEACE PRIZE COMMITTEE. The International Stalin Peace Prizes were established by the Soviet Government in December 1949 to commemorate Marshal Stalin's seventieth birthday, and the first prizewinners were announced in April 1951, receiving the awards for the year 1950. In addition to the Dean, the prize list includes Professor Frédéric Joliot-Curie, until recently head of the French Atomic Energy Commission, a prominent member of the French Communist Party, and chairman of the " World Council for Peace " ; Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of the founder of the Chinese Republic ; and the Rt. Rev. Arthur Molton, retired Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Utah. Each prize consists of 100,000 roubles (payable in the currency of the prize-winner's country, and a little over £9,000 at nominal exchange rates), a gold medal and a diploma.

" WITH BEST WISHES "

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COMMEMORATING AMERICA'S WAR DEAD AT A ST. PAUL'S SERVICE

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES JOIN WITH GENERAL OF THE ARMY EISENHOWER AND A VAST CONGREGATION IN PAYING TRIBUTE TO THOSE WHO DIED IN OPERATIONS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES ARRIVE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: The Queen was received by the Lord Mayor of London at the foot of the steps and by the Dean and Chapter at the West Door. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Marie Louise were other members of the Royal Family who attended the service.

THE SUPREME COMMANDER IN EUROPE ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S: General of the Army Eisenhower, Mrs. Eisenhower, his son, Captain John Eisenhower, and Mrs. John Eisenhower facing the cameras before entering the Cathedral for the commemorative service. The General handed over to the Cathedral authorities a roll of honour of the 28,000 men and women of the United States forces who died in the war in military operations launched from the United Kingdom.

American Independence Day was given a more than usual significance this year, its 175th anniversary, on both sides of the Atlantic. In Washington President Truman took advantage of the occasion to send a fervent message of goodwill to all United Nations troops fighting in Korea, calling them "the most magnificent army on the face of the globe," and in London there was the special service at St. Paul's commemorating 28,000 American dead who fought from Britain. It was a service attended by American and British uniformed forces in equal numbers and by eminent representatives of both countries, including members of the Royal Family, the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, the American Ambassador, and many of the American commanders who served under General Eisenhower in the war. Among the senior officers were nine generals and admirals who flew to London from the United States for the service.

The first part of the service was essentially American, beginning with the carrying of "Old Glory" by an American Colour Party from the West Door to the High Altar, the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the reading of the lesson by Bishop Sherrill, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Later General of the Army Eisenhower unveiled the roll of honour of 28,000 names. This roll, a finely illuminated manuscript bound in red leather, is the joint work of American and British artists and craftsmen. It is a gift from the United States, and its eventual resting-place will be the focal-point of the American Memorial Chapel that is to be embodied in the east end of St. Paul's.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN SERVICES MARCH FROM FARRINGDON STREET TO ST. PAUL'S: British contingents also took part in the march. On some marchers leaflets showered down, as depicted on right. The leaflets, anti-American in tone, bore the imprint of the London District Communist Party.

b

AT THE HEAD OF A VAST CONGREGATION ON AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY: In the left-hand aisle are the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent. In the right-hand aisle are General of the Army Eisenhower, Colonel Gault and Captain J. Eisenhower. Behind them sit Mr. Attlee, Lord Jowitt and Mr. Winston Churchill. Mrs. Eisenhower is seen seated behind the Princesses.

THE DEDICATION OF THE ROLL OF HONOUR: The non-commissioned officer on the left is holding the neatly-rolled flag of the United States which had just removed from the roll, enabling the Dean to lay his right hand upon the volume as he repeated the solemn words of dedicati

DEDICATION AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : In front of the table bearing the roll is the Dean, and on his left hand is General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Commander in Europe. The General presented the roll to the Dean for safe keeping, saying : "On behalf of the American people I present to you this roll of honour wherein are inscribed the names of those men of the United States Forces who, living and serving among you here in Britain, gave their lives in the common cause of freedom, justice and truth ; and I ask you to dedicate it to the glory of God and to be their perpetual memorial in this place." Facing the Dean were the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent. Mr. and Mrs. Attlee and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill stood in the opposite aisle.

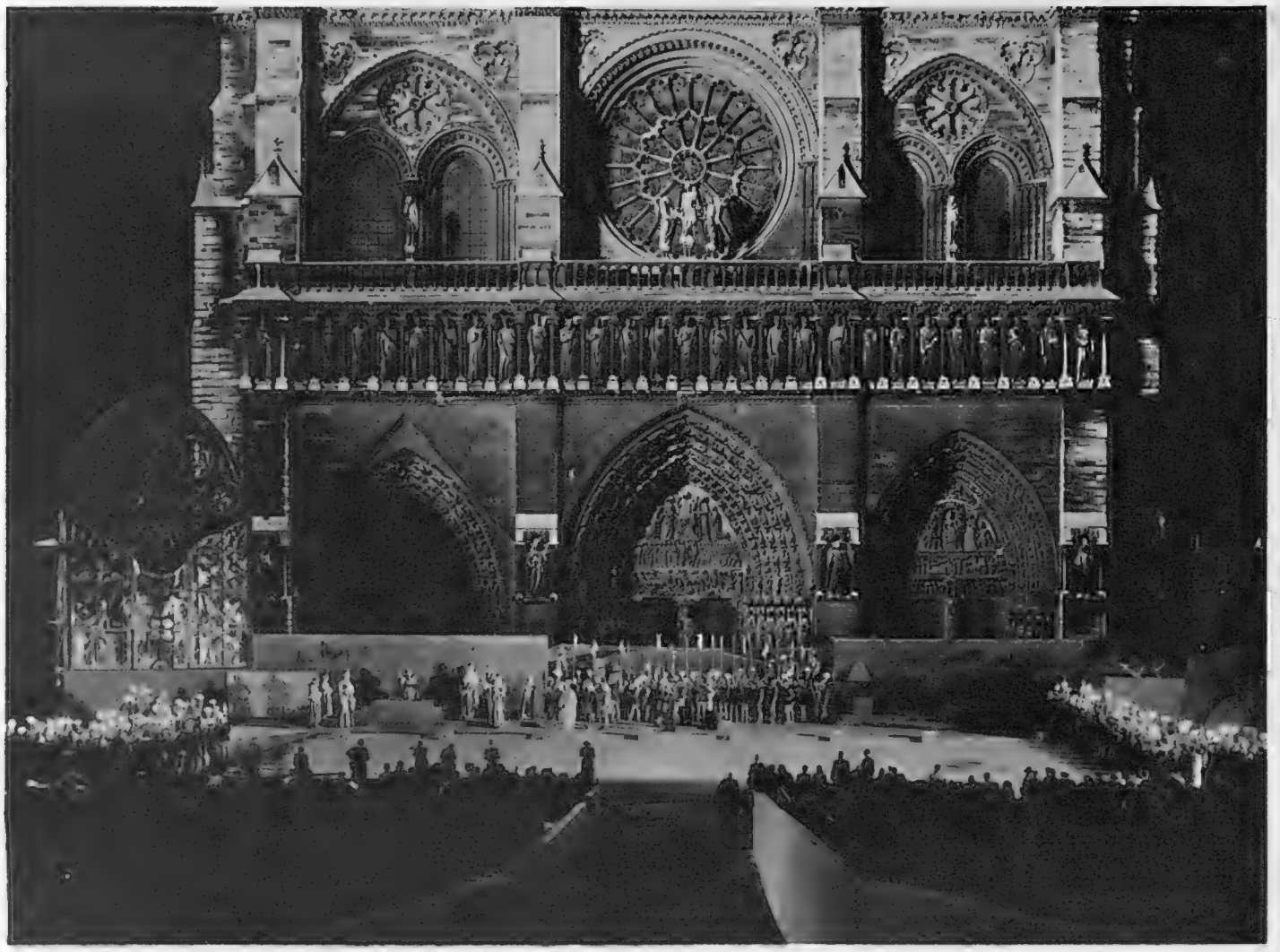
COMMEMORATING AMERICA'S WAR DEAD AT ST. PAUL'S

The American Roll of Honour is Handed Into the Cathedral's Keeping

A HIGH WIND ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S : Mr. Morrison, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden outside the Cathedral after the service. The Foreign Secretary's hair was considerably ruffled, while (as depicted *on right*) the Lady Mayoress's skirt billowed behind her as the Lord Mayor was saying good-bye to the Queen.

AT THE MANSION HOUSE LUNCHEON FOLLOWING THE COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S : The City Sword-Bearer, the Lord Mayor (Alderman Sir Denys Lowson), the Lady Mayoress, General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower, Mrs. Eisenhower, Mrs. John Eisenhower and Captain John Eisenhower. A company of nearly 300 attended this luncheon, the guests also including the American Ambassador (Mr. Walter Gifford), the Foreign Secretary and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE MANSION HOUSE LUNCHEON : The Lord Mayor is seen, seated, with the Lady Mayoress and General of the Army Eisenhower on his right hand, and Mrs. Eisenhower and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his left hand. Mr. Morrison, the Foreign Secretary, is seen towards the right of the top table, facing Captain John Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower.



THE BIMILLENARY CELEBRATIONS IN PARIS: Crowds watching the presentation of a Passion Play outside the Cathedral of Notre Dame, one of the special events organised to mark the 2,000th anniversary of Paris. 1,000 actors took part in the play. Accommodation was provided for 6,000 spectators in the square outside the West Door.

THE CAMERA BESTRIDES THE WORLD

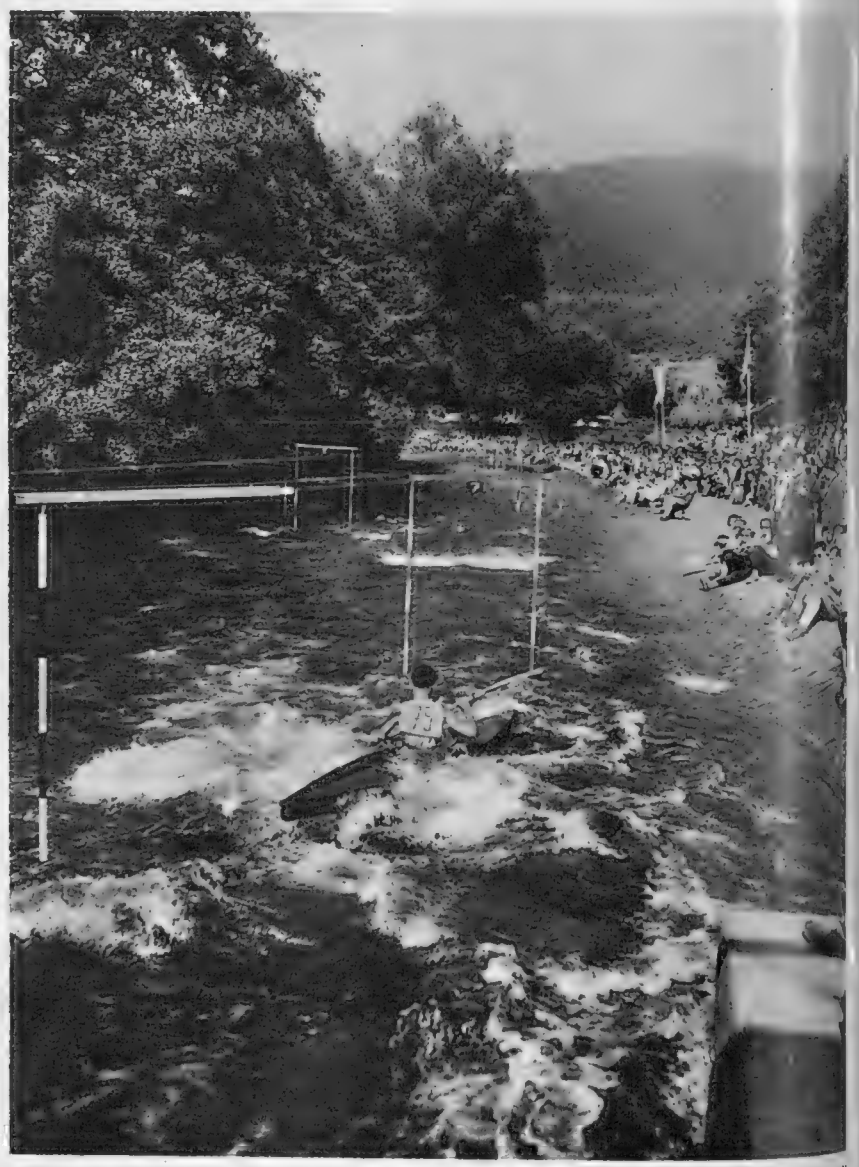
A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

Ferdinand Tuohy, writing in THE SPHERE of March 3, declared: "It was really rather naughty of Paris to discover it was 2,000 years old in the self-same year that London had earmarked for Festival. For it was definitely an afterthought. Not a soul by the Seine had given a thought to Lutetia's age until Morrison's joy-bells cast their tinkle before."

After a modest start, hampered by lack of funds, the arrangements for the bimillenary made swift progress during the spring, and they culminated a few days ago in a magnificent presentation of a fifteenth-century mystery play in front of the West Door of Notre Dame, and in a series of other events, the most spectacular being the release of a replica of the famous Montgolfière balloon which rose from the Parc de la Muette in 1783. The balloon was decorated with the French Royal colours and blue and yellow stripes, and carried M. Charles Dolfus, the French balloonist, and his son in the roles of Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who went up in the original Montgolfière. About 100 actors in period dress, representing Louis XVI, and other contemporary spectators, gave a send-off, and mortars fired a salute. M. de Montgolfier, a descendant of the man who made the original balloon, was also present.

Between them the Paris Municipality and the Chamber of Commerce have put up £90,000 for the present festivities, which will continue for six months. There will be fetes in all the arrondissements, and on one day 2,000 of the city's oldest inhabitants will sit down to a meal at tables lit by 2,000 candles in the Place des Vosges.

THE CHAPEL DESIGNED BY THE FRENCH ARTIST, HENRI MATISSE, FOR THE DOMINICANS OF VENCE, A LITTLE TOWN IN THE ALPS NORTH OF NICE: *Above*—Villagers lining the railings outside the chapel during the consecration of the chapel by the Bishop of Nice. *On right*—**An interior view showing the stained-glass windows designed by Matisse.** It has taken four years to build the chapel, which was originally conceived by Matisse as a thanksgiving for the care lavished upon him by the Dominicans during a serious illness. For the exterior of the chapel the artist has used the traditional Provençal style. The roof is of blue and white tiles and there is a bell-tower of wrought iron. For the interior Matisse has painted three large compositions in black on white ceramic tiles, one representing the Virgin and Child. Matisse considers the chapel to be the most important work of his whole life. Despite his eighty years, he has carried out the task with the fervour of a young artist on his first commission.



AN EARLY SUMMER SPORTS DAY OCCASION IN GERMANY—SHOOTING THE RAPIDS ON THE NARROW LAHN RIVER, NEAR MARBURG: A competitor in the German Kayak-Slalom championships about to pass through one of the obstacles during the heats on the narrow River Lahn. The eventual winner of the race was Walter Kirschbaum, who will now represent Germany in the World Championships which are to be staged in Steyr, Austria, later this month, on July 28-29.

BOUND FOR A HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY : Queen Nazli (right), the Egyptian Queen-Mother, with her daughter, Princess Fathia (sister of King Farouk), and the Princess's husband, Rhiad Gali. They were leaving Los Angeles en route to Honolulu, where they had reserved a suite at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Last year, when the Princess and her husband were married in San Francisco, King Farouk deprived the Princess of her Royal prerogatives and at the same time he sought to restrain the activities of Queen Nazli, whom he alleged had received payments amounting to over £480,000 from Egypt since she took up residence in the United States. Rhiad Gali is a Coptic Christian.

THE PRINCE WHO ON JULY 17 WILL TAKE THE OATH AS FIFTH KING OF THE BELGIANS : Prince Baudouin, son of King Leopold III, seen on his recent visit to Bruges where, among other engagements, he attended the exhibition of Italian and Flemish painting. It was decided last year that King Leopold should abdicate on September 7, 1951, when Prince Baudouin reaches the age of twenty-one. King Leopold has now decided to advance the date of abdication to July 16, and Prince Baudouin will take the Royal oath on July 17. King Leopold's family will reside at Val Duchesse, an estate lying to the east of Brussels. He will be granted an annual sum of 6,000,000 Belgian francs or about £42,000.

FOR THESE MEN THE SECOND WORLD WAR ENDED SIX YEARS LATE : *Above*—Members of the party of nineteen Japanese soldiers and sailors waving goodbye to their island as a boat from a U.S. naval craft bore them away from Anatahan, in the Marianas group in the Pacific following their surrender, which is shown in the radio picture *on the left*. On June 12, 1944, when American dive-bombers sank three cargo-ships in the harbour of Anatahan, thirty-three Japanese were marooned on the island, and until lately the survivors of that band had been convinced that the war was still going on. Finally letters from their Japanese homeland (dropped from American planes) convinced them that hostilities had really ceased and in due course they came down from their hide-out in the hills and gave themselves up. During their years on Anatahan the men lived on lizards, coconuts, crabs, mangoes and bananas. One of the survivors bore scars from thirteen wounds sustained in fights among his compatriots. (See page 70.)

AN AERIAL RESCUE FROM A CATHEDRAL ROOF : When a steeplejack, working on the roof of New York's half-finished Cathedral of St. John the Divine, fell and injured himself badly, he refused to be lowered down the 160-ft. drop to the ground. A police department helicopter, landing on a space so small that its tail had to be left hanging over the edge and where an error of 2 ins. would have caused the rotors to hit the Cathedral tower, eventually took the injured man off to hospital. The New York police department now has a small fleet of helicopters.

A GODSON FOR KING PETER : Holding six-weeks-old Nicholas Tomich at his christening in the Serbian Orthodox Cathedral of St. Sava, New York, is his godfather, ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia. The child, who is being christened by the Very Rev. Doushan Shoukletovitch, Dean of the Cathedral, is a son of one of the ex-King's military aides. King Peter has now made his home in the United States, where he is acting as a motor salesman.

THE KOREAN WAR ANNIVERSARY IN PUSAN

PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE, HEAD OF THE SOUTH KOREAN REPUBLIC, SPEAKING AT PUSAN ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE KOREAN WAR: In a belligerent speech the President addressed more than 1,000 Government officials and foreign diplomats in the grounds of the temporary capitol building, telling them that the South Koreans would fight on until the last Communist was driven north of the Yalu River. A parade of soldiers, tanks and artillery and a fly-past of Korean-manned planes marked the anniversary. On the following day President Rhee received a visit at Pusan from General Matthew B. Ridgway, the United States Supreme Commander in the Far East, and it is understood that Mr. Rhee was told in no uncertain terms that he must modify his belligerence, particularly his attitude towards the Russian cease-fire proposals. The meeting between Commander-in-Chief and President lasted twenty minutes.

MR. AND MRS. RHEE ON THE REVIEWING STAND AT PUSAN: The President and his wife watching the march-past of troops on the anniversary of the outbreak of the Korean war. Mr. Rhee is now seventy-six, and has apparently survived the ordeal of the past year in remarkable fashion. His ambition is to achieve a unified Korea. He is said to be resentful that South Korea has no part in the bi-weekly U.N. conferences in Washington.

UNIFORMED KOREAN GIRLS PARADE FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH KOREAN REPUBLIC: The girls carried rifles in the slung position and they marched past the temporary capitol building in Pusan with commendable precision.

ALL EYES ARE TURNED ON

THE CITY OF KAESONG

Designated by the North Koreans as a Meeting-Place for Communist and United Nations Representatives to Arrange a Cease-Fire in Korea

THE COMMANDER OF THE CHINESE VOLUNTEER FORCES IN KOREA WHO, WITH THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE KOREAN PEOPLE'S ARMY, SIGNED THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE UNITED NATIONS' SUGGESTION FOR A KOREAN TRUCE CONFERENCE: General Peng Teh-huai, whose signature on the message to U.N. constituted the first official admission by the Chinese Communists that they had troops in the field commanded by a regular Army officer and that they were belligerents to at least the extent of seeking a part in the truce. General Peng is a veteran of the Chinese Communist Army in the war against the Japanese, and later in the war against Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists. He commanded the Fourth Route Army, then the First Field Army, and is a Communist of long standing.

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COMMANDER IN THE FAR EAST TAKES AN AFTERNOON OFF IN TOKYO: General Matthew B. Ridgway and Mrs. Ridgway at a university baseball game at the Sateside Park Stadium. General Ridgway broadcast his first armistice proposals to the Communists on the direct instructions of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

THE CITY OF KAESONG, LYING TWO MILES SOUTH OF THE 38TH PARALLEL, WAS CHOSEN LAST WEEK AS THE SCENE OF THE MEETING BETWEEN GENERALS IN THE FIELD IN ORDER TO DISCUSS A CEASE-FIRE IN KOREA: Kaesong was selected by the Communists after they had rejected a meeting at Wonsan, in North Korea. Kaesong to-day is completely wrecked, having been caught up more than once amid the tides of the Korean war.

At the close of the sixteenth century Korea was invaded by the armies of Hideyoshi, the Japanese Genghis Khan, who spread desolation and ruin through the prosperous State before he finally withdrew. Korea did not really recover from that blow in a hundred years, and it is hard to believe that it will recover in quick time from the successive blows which it has sustained in the past year. At the time of writing, however, the chances of peace loom large, and if they come to fruition there is little doubt that America will help to make good some of the material losses of this stricken land. Kaesong, selected as the scene of the peace talks, was once a place of importance in the Korean economy, having a population of about 56,000. Just to the west of the city, along the main double-tracked railroad leading to North Korea, Soviet officers and American officers were wont to meet in consultation during the years of dual occupation on the Korean peninsula, and it was there that the Americans maintained Outpost 13, which was manned night and day by a detail of infantry. Kaesong was the first city to fall to the North Koreans five hours after the invasion troops crossed the 38th Parallel in 1950. Last year the city was the scene of bitter fighting when United States troops began to cross the Parallel after the capture of the Korean Republican capital of Seoul, and again there was fighting there during the retreat south of the Parallel following Chinese intervention in the war. Kaesong also has been heavily bombed by United Nations aircraft at various stages of the see-saw campaign up and down the peninsula.

THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE KOREAN PEOPLE'S ARMY: General Kim Il Sung, No. 1 signatory of the armistice message which the Communists released over the radio in reply to the message of General Ridgway. General Kim Il Sung is also the Premier of North Korea. His cherubic features disguise a very strong personality.

HOW THE HALF-RUINED CITY OF KAESONG GREETED THE UNITED NATIONS TROOPS IN OCTOBER 1950 WHEN THE TIDE OF WAR CARRIED THEM OVER THE 38TH PARALLEL: Crowds greeting an American jeep at the head of a convoy en route through the city. Across the street was stretched a banner welcoming the troops.

PANDIT NEHRU IN THE FAMINE DISTRICTS OF BIHAR

STARVATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT FOLLOW THE COLLAPSE OF BIHAR'S RURAL ECONOMY

INDIA'S PREMIER TOURING THE FAMINE AREA OF BIHAR : A village "Home Guard," armed with lathi sticks, welcomes Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, India's Prime Minister, during his tour of famine-stricken Bihar. A population increasing at the rate of over 4,000,000 a year, centuries of erosion, primitive agricultural methods and the vagaries of the monsoons, combine to make India's food position progressively worse. The Indian Government is making every effort to produce more food.

THE BARREN FIELDS OF BIHAR : Periodically baked to powder by months of tropical sunshine, then suddenly inundated by torrential rains, land like this is just saved from turning into desert by the toiling Indian villagers. But the struggle is an unequal one ; the harsh climate often wins and the children cry with hunger. This parched land in Bihar is typical of conditions which are the immediate cause of the food crisis there this year. America is sending 2,000,000 tons of grain and Britain has diverted to India food ships from Australia.

THE WOMEN WAIT—AND HOPE : They have never had enough to eat and now they have far less. These poor Indian women wait patiently at a medical relief centre in the famine zone for their rations of glucose and rice. Food is being rushed to Bihar from other parts of India and from other countries, but can India find enough for a population increasing by 11,000 a day ?

GOVERNMENT RATIONS SAVE THE CHILDREN FROM DEATH : *Above and on right*—Hindu children receiving their rations of dates and milk from relief workers at Government food centres in the famine zone of Bihar.

BIHARI REFUGEES SLEEP AND EAT ON THE PLATFORM OF A CALCUTTA RAILWAY STATION : Like animals who wander in search of food, these peasants have left their native Bihar for the sprawling capital of West Bengal, where they hoped conditions would be easier. Without homes and burdened with their few belongings, they sleep wherever they can find shelter from the sun.

Bihar Province of India is still in the grip of famine. Severe food shortages plague the drought-ridden, flood-soaked State, once known as the "rice-bowl" of north-east India. One million people are out of work, owing to the virtual collapse of the rural economy, and serious malnutrition will present a problem for many months to come.

More immediately, steps must be taken to build up food stocks in the many remote parts of the State which will be completely marooned when the monsoon floods cut railways and roads. Bihar's many rivers are already beginning to flood, as melting snows in the Himalayas swell their tributaries, and it will not be long before the whole State becomes a big-scale "Venice," interlaced by streams and lakes.

At these times, ordinary methods of transport are suspended in favour of sampans and sailing barges. Train services come to a standstill at many points ; the roads, never very good, are impassable. Any of the more distant areas which have insufficient food stocks to last throughout the rains will be faced with speedy starvation. For them, the worst may still be to come.

Pandit Nehru has just made a hurried tour of the famine-pinched areas of Central Bihar, during which he watched relief workers and Government officials preparing stores for areas which face isolation. He saw milk, dates and free rice being distributed to needy men, women and children at half-a-dozen centres round Darbhanga, generally considered to be the worst-hit part of the State.

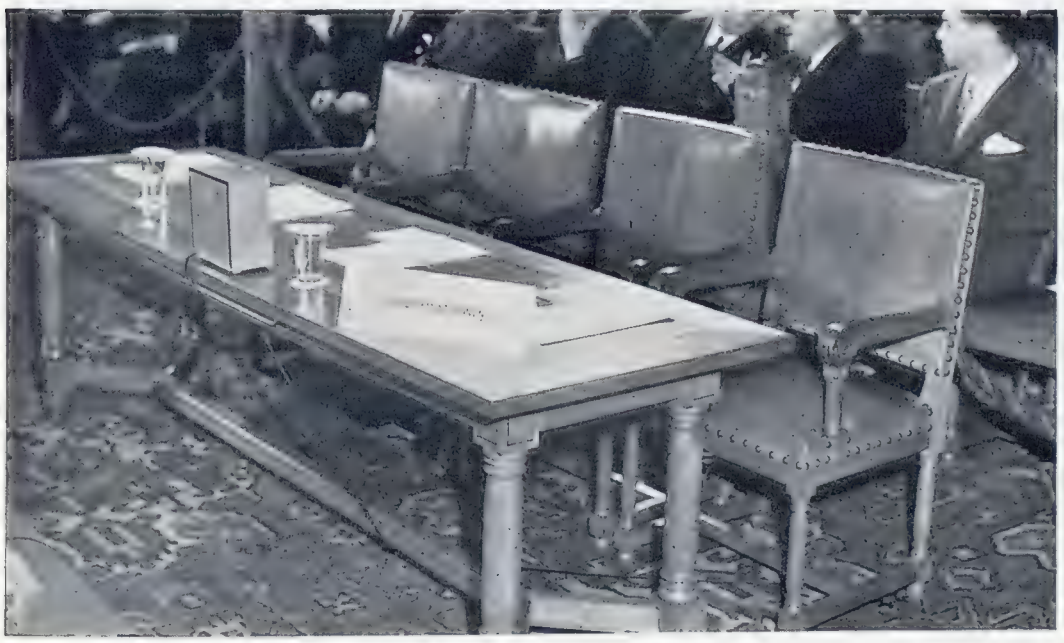
India's Premier was able to tell the people of the steps being taken to ease their sufferings. Cheering audiences heard of the 240,000 tons of grain which has already been rushed to Bihar and of the 430,000 tons still on the way there. Nehru regretted that shortage of funds prevented the Indian Government from launching a more ambitious rehabilitation programme, but promised that the present limited schemes for providing work would be expanded as far as possible.

According to the decennial census held last March, India's population has been increasing during the past ten years at the rate of 4,200,000 a year. Most Indians are agriculturists, dependent for their food upon the crops they raise under the immense difficulties a tropical climate imposes. Their land offers them little security, for its crops are wholly dependent upon a harsh and unreliable climate. Their agricultural methods are primitive : little or no fertilisation, and nothing to prevent erosion. Their food position has therefore always been precarious, and with a rapidly-increasing population the position is deteriorating.

In Bihar to-day whole villages have migrated in search of food and work. One report refers to "the tragic sight of older people seeing off the younger folk and then returning to die . . ."

THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE IN SESSION AT THE HAGUE ON JUNE 30, WHEN THEY HEARD THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S REQUEST FOR A TEMPORARY INJUNCTION AGAINST PERSIAN INTERFERENCE WITH THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY : The Persian Government was not officially represented, refusing to recognise the jurisdiction of the Court. Sir Frank Soskice, the Attorney-General, presented the British case, a 50-page document, and at the end of the session the President of the Court said that the date of the Court's judgment would be announced later. The Court is composed of a body of independent judges elected regardless of their nationality. It sits at the Vredespaleis, built by Carnegie at a cost of £2,000,000.

THE BRITISH DELEGATION AT THE HAGUE COURT FOR THE PERSIAN OIL CASE : From right to left are— Sir Frank Soskice, the Attorney-General ; Sir Eric Beckett, Legal Adviser to the Foreign Office and official agent for the Persian Oil Case ; Professor Hersch Lauterpacht, Mr. Henry Fish, Mr. David Johnson, Mr. V. R. Idleson, Mr. Joseph Addison, Mr. John Pattinson, Mr. H. Snow and Mr. G. Northcroft. In his address Sir Frank stressed the damage that could be done to the Anglo-Iranian oil plant unless a far-reaching injunction was granted against interference with the company.



BRITAIN GOES TO THE WORLD COURT

THE JUDGES OF THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE AT THE HAGUE DELIBERATE UPON THE OIL DISPUTE

At the San Francisco Conference, the fifty-one members of the United Nations accepted the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague as part of the new world organisation, and as a legacy from the old League of Nations. It seemed at the time, perhaps, to be a doubtful legacy, for in the past the slowness of the Court's legislation has made it something of a white elephant, and in its new form it has not been particularly effective. The Court, however, has had its successes, notably between the wars, when it gave an advisory opinion on the fateful *Anschluss*, and over Greenland when Norway, having established herself in Danish Greenland, firmly refused to quit. Norway lost the case at The Hague and then left Greenland without appealing. That, indeed, was a success for international justice ; but for the most part between those two wars, while the world was slipping step by step towards disaster, the Supreme Tribunal was dealing with relative trivia.

Since the Second World War the Court has been in the headlines once or twice (most persistently over the Albanian mining of the Corfu Roads), and this year it has pronounced judgment on the Haya de la Torre case, the dispute between Colombia and Peru arising from the granting of asylum by Colombia in January 1949 to Señor Victor Raoul Haya de la Torre, the Peruvian Left Wing political leader.

At the end of June, when the Persian oil crisis had reached its climax, the International Court put up one of its most spectacular performances from the point of view of speed, the judges reassembling from summer recess with quite remarkable agility in order to give consideration to Britain's case against the Persians over the seizure of the oilfields.

Sir Frank Soskice, the Attorney-General, handled the British case. There was no official Persian delegation at the Vredespaleis to hear what transpired. Two unofficial Persian observers kept watch, however, from the back of the court. Sir Frank opened his remarks by thanking the president for the promptness with which the Court had been recalled from vacation.

He detailed the events in Persia, which, he said, showed that the Persian Government in enforcing its oil nationalisation law was ousting the company from control and requiring its servants to become servants of the National Iranian Oil Company, although they declined to be transferred. Meanwhile, oil production was dropping, with the prospect of irreparable damage.

Sir Frank then dealt with the question of whether the Court should indicate provisional measures to protect the company.

Sir Frank took a whole day to outline the British case, and after the session was over, flew back to London, leaving Sir Eric Beckett, Foreign Office Legal Adviser, to answer other questions which might arise.

TWO PERSIANS SAT AT THE REAR OF THE COURT DURING THE HEARING : *Above*—Dr. Ali Shaegan, member of the Persian Parliament, and Mr. Hassan Sadr, lawyer and journalist. They stressed the unofficial nature of their attendance at the Court. *On left*—The four vacant chairs in the courtroom. They were allotted to an official Persian delegation should it turn up for the hearing.

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF HORUS, NEAR THE NILE AT EDFU, A MONUMENT TO THE GREATNESS OF EGYPT IN THE DAYS OF THE PTOLEMIES AND BEFORE HER SUBJUGATION TO THE POWER OF ROME: In the foreground is the court with its vast girdle-wall, and beyond it is the pillared vestibule and the Hypostyle hall. Behind the Hypostyle hall lies the entrance to the naos, or sanctuary, which was reserved for the King and priests. It is a remarkable fact that the Temple of Horus was only in use for some twenty years after its completion, for the later Ptolemies existed only by favour of Rome and, needless to say, Roman influences undermined the old faiths.

THE HAWK-HEADED SUNGOD HORUS OF EDFU: This figure, wearing the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, guards the entrance to the Temple of Horus. Originally two identical figures of the god stood on each side of the vestibule of the temple, but of the second figure only the head now remains.

Between the Libyan and the Arabian deserts of North Africa, in the small, fertile strip of land that is the Valley of the Nile, are the countless tombs, temples and pyramids of Ancient Egypt. Unlike so many monuments in other parts of Africa, we know when they were constructed, and the patient studies of scholars have built up for us a composite picture of life in those times: what the people did and what they looked like; what kind of tools they had; how they used their leisure and waged their battles; what thoughts they had on the perennial problems of mankind.

Every square inch of the walls and pillars of these ancient buildings is incised with records that give in detail the lives of Egyptian royalty and nobility, as well as the common man. In addition, fragile papyri, on which their scribes wrote with reeds, are treasured by museums all over the world. Hermetically sealed in jars and deposited in tombs, a great part of their literature has survived the ravages of damp, microbes, robbers, earthquakes and fire.

Many of the tombs and temples were completely or partly destroyed by nature, time and man, but thanks to Auguste Mariette Pasha, who excavated most of the Necropolis of Sakkara (opposite Helwan) and founded the first Museum of Antiquity in Egypt (his statue and tomb stand in front of the Egyptian Museum in Cairo), we are to-day able to admire one of the great Ptolemaic temples in almost perfect preservation. Phœnix-like, it has been recovered from the mounds of sand and rubble, from the Arab houses and stables which buried the top of the walls and roofs.

Half-way between Luxor and Assuan, in Upper Egypt, on the west bank of the Nile, the temple of the sungod Horus rises above the mud-huts of Edfu, recently revisited by Mr. E. P. Friede, of Johannesburg, who took the photographs on these pages.

Horus, the local deity, is represented as a flying falcon; as the sun with outspread plumes, or as a man with a falcon's head. He is usually described as the son of Osiris and Isis. King Osiris ruled over a happy and contented Egypt, but his wicked brother, Set, plotted against him and persuaded him to lie in a cunningly-prepared chest. After he had entered, Set and his seventy-two conspirators closed the lid and threw the wooden chest into the Nile, where it was carried down to the sea and washed ashore near the Phœnician town of Byblos. Meanwhile, his wife Isis searched for her lost husband throughout the country and at last discovered his coffin, which she hid in a quiet spot. Set, while on a boar-hunt, found the body of his brother, cut it into fourteen pieces and scattered them far and wide. Later, when Isis heard what had happened, she set out again to collect the pieces, and wherever she found one she built a monument. Horus, having grown up, set out to avenge his father's death and after a series of battles was victorious.

THE QUEEN BRINGING BOUNTIFUL JOYS TO THE GODS: The pictures and writings on the wall of the Temple of Horus, finest and best-preserved of the great Ptolemaic temples, record facts about the temple-builders and recount the saga of the gods in whom they believed. The history of the temple's construction and an account of the entire structure are detailed in the lengthy inscriptions on the exterior of the girdle-wall. In the tablet shown in this picture, the sign for joy stands in front of the Queen and between the two vases. On the top-left are the two cartouches of Alexander Ptolemy, which were instrumental in the deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The TEMPLE of HORUS REVISITED

ONE OF THE GREAT PTOLEMAIC TEMPLES OF THE NILE, WHICH STILL STANDS IN ALMOST PERFECT PRESERVATION

The falcon-headed sungod, "Lord of the heavens, son of Osiris, King of Kings of Upper and Lower Egypt," shares the honours of the temple of Edfu with Hathor and the youthful Horus. The Voyage of Hathor is depicted many times on the walls of the temple and refers to one of the great ceremonial events of the Denderah year, when Hathor voyaged upstream to visit her consort Horus of Edfu in her sacred barge. She was met on the way by the barge of Horus, and the two gods travelled up together to Edfu in great pomp. Hathor stayed at Edfu for some days with her consort and then returned downstream to her own temple. The son of the union of these two divinities, Har-Sem-Tawe or "Horus the Uniter of the Two Lands," takes his place as the third member of the triad of Edfu and Denderah.

Very fine representations of this ceremonial procession decorate the sandstone walls of the temple, together with the warlike achievements of the Ptolemaic kings, and sacrificial rites. A bird's-eye view from the pylon gives a clear indication of the plan and the consistency of architecture of the Temple of Horus, and an unique conception of the two basic ideas behind every Egyptian temple.

The temple corresponds with the ground plan of the Egyptian house or palace. The open court of the house, accessible to every visitor, is represented by the great temple court; the colonnaded Hypostyle hall of the temple corresponds to the broad hall of the dwelling;

THE KING IN PROCESSION WITH HATHOR, GODDESS OF LOVE: Accompanied by musicians and dancers, the Egyptian Venus is seen with the King as they approach the local deity of Edfu, the hawk-headed Horus (who is not shown in the picture). This relief in sandstone is on the bottom of the outer wall of the Temple, and is one of the few reliefs at Edfu which survived defacement.

INSCRIBED UPON THE PYLON AT THE TEMPLE ENTRANCE: Here the colossal figure of King Neos Dionysos is seen smiting his foes, whom he holds by the hair in the presence of the falcon-headed Horus of Edfu. The Mongoloid faces of the victims are noticeable. Under the King's feet are slaves holding the cartouches of the conquered provinces. The whole pylon is 172 ft. high, and the inscriptions shown here reach to half that height.

A RELIEF DEPICTING HORUS UPON THE OUTER WALL OF THE TEMPLE: From his combined crowns juts the head of a snake, representing the sacred asp, sign of the ruler. In his right hand Horus holds the key of life, and in his damaged left hand is the symbol of happiness.

THE KING (ON RIGHT) APPEARS BEFORE THE LOCAL DEITIES: The cartouches above the King's head reveal him to be Ptolemy Alexander. It was during the reign of Ptolemy Alexander that the colonnaded court, the girdle-wall and the pylon of the Temple of Horus were added.

and the deep and large hall in which the master of the house spent most of his time finds its analogue in the sanctuary. The dwelling-house was adjoined by chambers and rooms, and the sanctuary in the temple by a series of small apartments and storerooms.

Thus the temple was literally what the Egyptians called the House of God. Except for the size, the main difference between a man's house and the House of God was in the material used for the building. The dwelling-house was built of impermanent material (reeds, lateron, mud-bricks) to last only for the lifetime of its owner. But for the temple the Egyptians used the most durable materials available. The second basic idea is the progression from the sunlight of the outer courts, through the colourful half-light of the Hypostyle hall, to the pitch darkness of the sanctuary of the god.

The Temple of Horus was begun in 237 B.C., under Ptolemy III, Euergetes I, and completed in 180 years, 3 months and 14 days, according to an inscription on the temple wall. The name of the architect, also mentioned, was El-em-hotep Oer-si-Ptah. The space enclosed by the walls measures 450 by 120 ft., the front of the pylons from side to side about 252 ft. To build in such dimensions the Egyptians, ignorant of the use of block and tackle or any other mechanical means, erected long earthen ramps which were heightened according to the growth of the buildings.

One of the tragedies of history is that the purpose of this mighty effort in building was soon lost. The temple was in use only some twenty years after completion when Octavianus marched against Anthony and defeated him at Actium.

DOWN THE ALMOST DESERTED BURMA ROAD

To Mandalay, the Devastated City of a Much-troubled Country

On January 4, 1948, Britain granted Burma its independent status. Since then the internal situation of the country has deteriorated to such an extent that the position has now become a matter of grave concern to all those affected by the collective security of South-East Asia.

A large area of Burma, in particular almost all of the northern part of the country, is still not under the control of the Government. The country remains devastated by warfare which began with the Japanese invasion in 1942, and which has been continued since the official end of hostilities by the Karen tribes (pro-British, anti-Communist and aggressively independent) and rebel Communist bands. The ineffectual Government, formed by the Anti-Fascist Peoples' Freedom League at the time of the British departure from Burma, has never been in full control of the country. Although it is to-day still unable to exploit and export the mineral and timber wealth of the country, and daily draws nearer to bankruptcy, it is beginning to hold elections in about 80 of the official 244 constituencies, to choose the members of the first independent Burmese Parliament. To most observers it seems a sham to hold democratic elections under present conditions. But the Government, declaring that peaceful elections will have a settling effect, is confident that it will be returned to power.

The Burma Road, north of Mandalay, the scene of many battles during the war, and formerly busy with export trade to South-West China, is now largely deserted. At many points along the road damaged and weed-covered vehicles bear witness of the highway's wartime use as a supply route to China. As there is an increasing fear of new rebel action from the north, Government armoured cars patrol the road, sometimes exchanging shots with small parties of rebels. The fear of new attacks has been made more apparent since the uniting of the different rebel forces under Communist leadership last autumn.

Although in Mandalay itself, once the capital of the kingdom of Upper Burma, and a busy centre of the teak, oil and other export industries, there is still a population of over 150,000, the city displays only a fraction of its former activity. The city was wrecked by bombing, evacuated by the British and occupied by the Japanese in 1942. It was recaptured after very heavy fighting in 1945. The Irrawaddy, on which it stands, is navigable for 900 miles from its mouth, and was once the major trading "highway" of the country. To-day, steamers sunk during the fighting with the Japanese still litter the waterway, and little traffic moves on the river. In the once-crowded busy centre of the city grass has overgrown the foundations of the destroyed buildings and only the ruins of the Protestant Cathedral and school remain. There is now only one surviving street. The romantic city of Mandalay, celebrated in song by countless baritones, and adorned with hundreds of pagodas is no more. The conclusion is that Burma and its people have yet to reap the real advantages from the independent status granted by Britain 3½ years ago.

THE BURMA ROAD TO-DAY, NEARLY SIX YEARS AFTER THE END OF THE WAR WITH THE JAPANESE—AN ALMOST DESERTED HIGHWAY WHICH NEEDS CONSTANT PROTECTION FROM POSSIBLE ATTACKS BY COMMUNISTS: A scene on the military road which extends from Lashio, Burma, to Kunming (Yannanfu), China. It was built by the Allies in 1938 as a highway along which China could transport her supplies from Indo-China and Burma. To-day the road is almost deserted. Burmese armoured cars patrol the road, keeping watch for a possible attack from Communist rebel forces encamped in the north. To the south of the road lies Mandalay, the bomb-wrecked city of Upper Burma.

WAR SCARS IN MAYMYO, THE FORMER SUMMER CAPITAL OF BURMA: Maymyo is situated 30 miles by railway north-east of Mandalay, in the dry district of Central Burma and at an elevation of 3,500 ft. Formerly the residence of the British Governor of Burma, it now houses the British Consulate. It was evacuated by British troops in May, 1942, and recaptured in 1945.

THE ONE SURVIVING STREET IN RUINED MANDALAY: The city was gutted by bombing, shattered by artillery and looted by rebels. The moat of Mandalay's Royal Fort is filled with waterlilies and the former city centre is covered in grass.

ON THE BANKS OF THE IRRAWADDY: *Left*—A horse being watered and people bathing at the river's edge in Mandalay. *Right*—Survivors of the famous Irrawaddy flotilla load rice for Rangoon at the Mandalay wharves. In 1860 the site of the present city of Mandalay, just outside the early walled town, was a swamp. Mandalay was occupied by the British in 1885 and badly damaged by fire in 1892. It lies in the dry belt surrounded by a broad alluvial plain, 350 miles almost due north of Rangoon.

SHEFFIELD'S VARSITY POT-HOLERS

MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTAINEER CLUB DON THEIR FROGMEN'S SUITS TO EXPLORE THE FAMOUS PEAK CAVERN AT CASTLETON

A FROGMAN PREPARES TO GO INTO ACTION IN THE PEAK CAVERN, THE FAMOUS CAVE OF UNDETERMINED LENGTH WHICH RUNS BENEATH THE DERBYSHIRE PEAK DISTRICT: Mr. J. Clark, a member of the Sheffield University Mountaineer Club (Pot-Hole Section), testing his breathing apparatus before entering the waters of an underground river. On this recent expedition the Varsity Pot-Holers discovered half a mile of unexplored cavern, and they followed a side river for some distance. Their main object is to trace the river to its source, and in so doing perhaps solve the local water supply problem in time of drought. It is now known that underground rivers drain over 30 square miles of the Peak District between Castleton and Buxton. During the past half-century the Peak Cavern has been widely explored, but many of its mysteries are still unsolved. In 1902 evidence of lead mining in the caverns was discovered, and the explorers found an ancient sled which had been used for carrying ore. The present-day explorers, with their frogmen's equipment, have considerably better chances of making important discoveries than those who went down into the Peak Cavern half a century ago.

MOVING ALONG AN UNDERGROUND RIVER BENEATH THE DERBYSHIRE PEAK DISTRICT: Mr. J. Clark seen engaged in exploratory work in the Peak Cavern. His big flashlamp is watertight.

EMERGING FROM THE MURKY WATERS AFTER A JOURNEY OF EXPLORATION: *Above* and *above on right*—The frogman clambering back to dry land. He had just travelled on a hitherto unrecorded section of the Peak Cavern, a hazardous undertaking amid waters which had been swollen by rains.

THE SPELEOLOGISTS READY TO GO INTO ACTION: *Left*—Diver J. Davies, of the Sheffield Varsity Pot-Holers, waiting his turn to explore the underground river. In his right hand he carries the great lamp which he uses to illuminate his way. *Right*—The leader of the expedition, Dr. R. Davies, gives instructions to a diver.

OUT IN THE OPEN AIR

SUMMER DAYS IN THE HIGH HILLS, AMID THE PEACE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE, BY THE RIVER, AND BESIDE THE SEA

AN INTERNATIONAL CLIMBING PARTY AMONG THE WELSH HILLS: Rangers, led by Miss Marjorie Cobham, a member of the Ladies' Alpine Club, climbing the lower slopes from the Nant Gwynant Valley during their recent ten-day camping holiday near Caernarvon. The Rangers, members of the Girl Guide movement from many parts of England, from Norway, Switzerland and the United States, gained considerable experience in rock-climbing.

ADVENTURE IN THE HIGH PEAK—ROCK-CLIMBING AMONG THE DERBYSHIRE "CHIMNEYS": These young climbers found that ropes, hands, knees and toes were all required when they tackled the difficult pillar rock at Winnats Pass, a steep, rocky chasm one mile west of Castleton, Derbyshire. It was through the Winnats Pass that the old coach road once went through to Chapel-en-le-Frith. In a quarry at Windy Knoll, near the head of the Winnats, a remarkable bone cave was found in 1870, bones of reindeer, bison, wolf and roedeer being among those discovered

A PRACTICE CLIMB ON THE LOWER SLOPES OF SNOWDON: With the expert guidance of Miss Cobham, instructor to the Rangers at the climbing camp at Caernarvon, a Swiss climber is helped over an outcropping section of rock.

SURVEYING THE TASK BEFORE THEM: Miss Marjorie Cobham with three young climbers engaged on their rock-climbing expedition on Snowdon.

WITH THEIR SALMON NET OUTSTRETCHED BETWEEN THE BOBBING CRAFT, DAVID GRIFFITHS AND JOHN BOWEN, THE CORACLE KINGS, DRIFT DOWN THE RIVER TEIFY, NEAR CARDIGAN: To prevent their coracles overturning, the two fishermen counteract the drag of the net on one side by making use of the paddle on the opposite side. David Griffiths (nearest camera) is eighty-five years of age and John Bowen is seventy-one.

On the swift waters of the River Teify, in West Wales, the coracle fishermen still use the same sort of craft as did the Ancient Britons, possibly the only difference being that the coracles which were once covered in skin are now covered in best calico. The doyen of the coracle fishermen is David Griffiths, and he and his partner, seventy-one-year-old John Bowen, are often to be seen in search of salmon as they drift down the Teify with their net stretched between the coracles. David Griffiths (Dai to his friends) knows every inch of the lower reaches of the river. He is admired both for his agility and his pluck, and only a year or two ago, when he was thrown into the river as his coracle capsized, he not only regained the shore but was soon out again in his coracle and with his fishing gear. When they have completed their downstream stretch Griffiths and Bowen will trudge back for a mile or so along the wooded banks of the Teify, carrying the 30-lb. coracles on their backs and looking, as their neighbours sometimes say, like a pair of overgrown ladybirds. Their strenuous day's work usually brings a handsome reward, for salmon at its price of 9s. per lb. can be fished profitably enough.

THE BIRDS OF LADY ISLE—CIRCLING THE ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE ON A SUMMER DAY IN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE: Lady Isle itself lies a few miles off the Ayrshire coast at Troon, an island of infinite peace and a sanctuary for the birds. Its warning light is well known to deep-sea sailors, for it stands astride the main shipping route from Glasgow and Greenock, where the incoming steamers make the wide-sweeping turn past Ardrossan, and the outgoing steamers begin to make their turn to clear Arran.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ROSE MARIE": Boys from Glasgow High School manœuvring their boat on arrival at Lady Isle, off the Ayrshire coast near Troon. They made the journey to explore the bird sanctuary.

IN THE LADY ISLE BIRD SANCTUARY, A NEWLY-HATCHED GULL LOOKS OUT UPON THE WORLD: Beside him in the nest is an egg with the hatching process well under way, the beak of a new arrival projecting through the shell.

A TROUPE OF TOURING MORRIS DANCERS VISIT THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE VILLAGE OF SHERBORNE: Sherborne schoolchildren, who had been given an unexpected holiday for the occasion, watching the Morris dancers during their performance outside the village post office. The dancing took place during the course of the troupe's annual tour. The village of Sherborne was the birthplace of many well-known Morris dances.

OFF ON THEIR SUMMER HOLIDAYS: Through country roads instead of city streets go these dray horses from a Sunderland brewery. Every year they are taken to a farm at Castle Eden for a fortnight's summer holiday, cropping the rich grass and resting beneath the shade of the trees in the peace of the Durham countryside. The idea is no new one in County Durham, where it has been the custom to rest pit ponies in the same fashion.

Making a Welsh Forest

Timber for the Future—Forestry Plantations Flourish on the Wild Hills of North Wales

In collaboration with the Festival of Britain and the Welsh Festival Committee, the Welsh Department of the Ministry of Agriculture, and the Welsh Land Sub-Commission, the Forestry Commission is joining in the Dolhendre scheme (whereby several hill farms are being rebuilt and made models of their kind, as a permanent Welsh contribution to the Festival) by preparing and replanting 119 acres of old woodland, making preparation for a block forest amounting to 318 acres, erecting four houses for Forestry employees), removing decrepit trees from the lower land and planting suitable trees to improve amenities.

Looking after this hill plantation is G. W. Clayton, who, with a Welsh team of planters, is seeing that part of his undertaking will be more or less completed in time for visitors. He and his corps are planting the trees at the rate of 230,000 a year, but it will be several years yet before any result will be seen. At the moment, one has to look very hard for the tiny tree seedlings reposing in the rocky ground, just beneath the sparse turf. Where this method of planting—called the "scref" method—is used, the seedlings are planted in any kind of rock, soil or growth—and left to fend for themselves. One- to two-year-old seedlings are used—being raised from seed in the Forestry Commission's own nurseries; and providing the place where they are planted is well below the barren mountain or hill belts, they will certainly thrive.

Of course, any scrub or heavy growth that would obviously kill the new trees is destroyed as the planting continues. Fences, too, are erected to keep out any stock and pests which might damage the growing wood.

Lower down the slopes, and in the valleys, it is possible to see immediate results of the planting, for in order to give the plants every chance, and not let them rot away in wet ground, the soil is drained and then planted. As the pictures show, a drain is first dug along the line of planting, and pointing to the normal watercourse. The turf so removed is cut and placed bottom up in rows alongside. The seedling thus starts life in good soil, in complete isolation, and nearly 8 ins. above the normal level of the ground. The tree will grow rapidly, and by the time the year ends will have grown roots through the turf and into the earth beneath. It will have been given a good start in life.

Small nurseries have been planned and laid out, where the seedlings are raised. These comprise cypress, Sitka spruce, Norway spruce, larch, oak and birch. To give some idea of the numbers required for the 318 acres, just multiply this by 1,400 to 2,000—for, according to the variety, these are the numbers required per acre.

The tree planters, recruited locally, work on piece-work rates—and are paid according to the number of trees planted per day. A good man can plant over a hundred an hour—according to the terrain, but in the up-ended turf method is, of course, longer.

Even so, obtaining labour is difficult—and this applies to any other type of work in the locality—for the plantation is not within easy reach of station or bus—being at least three or four miles from the nearest main road—and the life itself is just full of isolation—if one could call it that.

Hence, to make life a little easier, some luxurious dwellings are being erected in the hope that they will help the folk who live on the lonely mountains of the Penllyn district to lead pleasanter and more congenial lives.

Local farmers all over North Wales, where forestry plantations are flourishing, are rather sceptical about the encroachment of their land—for with the forests come foxes and other pests—and away go acres of grazing land. But a more sensible view will show that there is plenty of land for both—and providing the forests are cultured on only the old non-pasture type land—on land where an acre or two will not provide feed for just one sheep—then all should be satisfied.

So, with the Forestry Commission doing much hard work, years of planning ahead—and a lot of forethought for the needs of Britain in the years to come, there is much to do before the trees fulfil this long-term policy.

First cuts, or thinnings (all usable wood), will be made in twelve or fifteen years. But full and final harvest will not be for another fifty or sixty years when the trees reach maturity.

BUILDING HOUSES FOR THE FOREST WORKERS: Labour is hard to find in the Welsh mountains, so the Forestry Commission are building luxurious houses, like this one in the Penllyn district, to attract workers.

PLANTING BY THE "SCREF" METHOD HAS MANY ADVANTAGES ON THE WILD MOUNTAINS OF NORTH WALES: Six-months-old plants, raised from seed in the Forestry Commission's own nurseries, are being planted out by the "scref" method, whereby seedlings are planted in any kind of rock, soil or growth and left to fend for themselves. Any scrub or heavy growth is first destroyed.

THE YOUNG SITKA SPRUCE TREES GROWING STRONGLY: 1,700 sitka or 2,100 Norway spruce are planted on each acre.

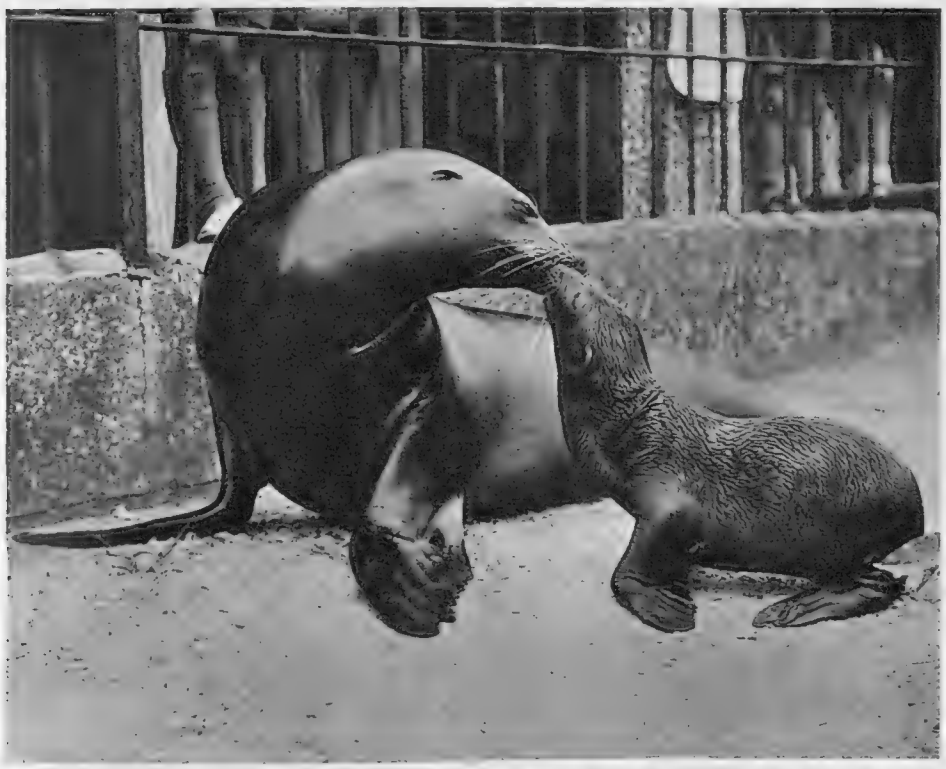
TURF IS CUT TO RECEIVE THE SEEDLINGS: Under the guidance of G. W. Clayton, of the Forestry Commission, 230,000 trees are now being planted annually in one district in North Wales.

WILL THIS BE RAW MATERIAL FOR A FUTURE WAR? Seedlings like this one, displayed by Mr. G. W. Clayton, take fifty to sixty years to reach maturity. First cuts, thinnings of usable wood, will be made in twelve to fifteen years' time. But wars spring up and take their heavy toll of our forests.

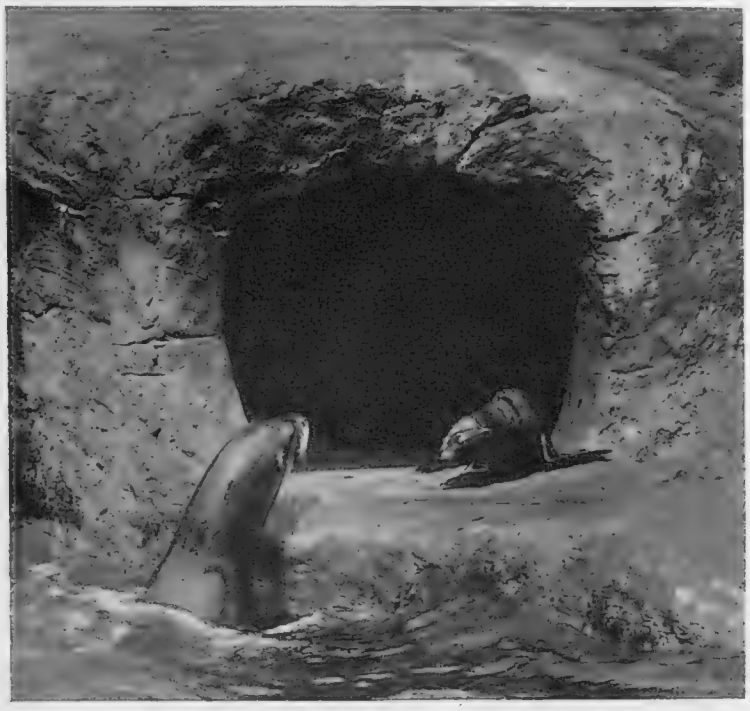
THE RELUCTANT WATER-BABIES

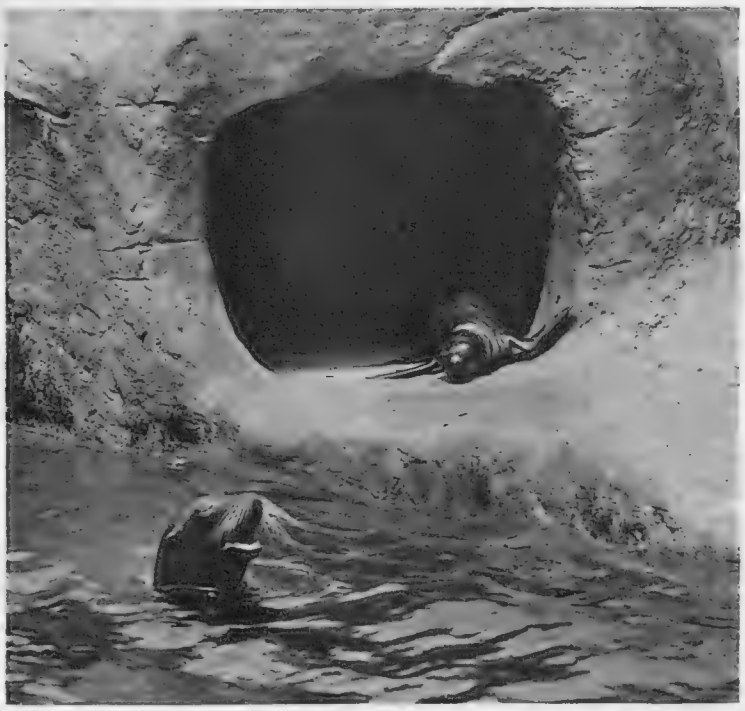
Young Seals, Scared of the Water, are Coaxed In by Their Patient Mothers

A LAZY TRIO AT THE LONDON ZOO: These corpulent and helpless-looking mammals can move like lightning in the water after the fish they live on. Their protective colouring blends well with the pebbles, but ashore they are easy prey for the hunter, dragging themselves painfully and clumsily over the sharp rocks. Once in the water they are safe enough—from man, at least.



INTRODUCING NORMAN: *Top*—Four-weeks-old Norman, the London Zoo's new baby sea-lion, gets a loving kiss from mother Tiny after being christened by Norman Wisdom, comedy star of the show, *London Melody*, at the Empress Hall. *Above*—After the christening comes the "launching" as mother tries to inspire confidence in her protesting infant. But soon he will be splashing about delightedly in the water.





"COME ON, SILLY—IT'S LOVELY IN!" SAYS MOTHER SEA-LION "LIGHTNING": But baby Sparks, at a New Orleans zoo, isn't so sure, and turns hurriedly back into his nice dry cave when mother gets more persuasive. Baby seals—like otters—are not born natural swimmers. They have to be urged—and often pushed—into the water by the parents. Sparks, in the pictures above, is the second cub born at the zoo to Lightning; her first cub, born over a year ago, died at the age of five months. Several species of seals are found in the seas around Britain. The common or harbour seals kill many salmon at our river-mouths after pursuing them far into fresh water.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OPENS THE EAST WING OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM : One of her Royal Highness's many recent public engagements included the opening last week of a wing of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, where the glorious story of Britain's naval history is told. *On left*—The Princess, on her way to open the new wing, passes through the colonnade lined with cadets from H.M.S. *Worcester* and boys from the Holbrook Naval School. *On right*—Princess Elizabeth inspecting the model of a submarine, after the opening ceremony. Her Royal Highness spoke of the important part the Museum played in our national life, and said that the story of our greatness at sea was brought up to date in the new galleries where the past was now linked to the present. The galleries of the east wing were just completed when war broke out in 1939 and were then requisitioned by the Admiralty. Not until last year was it possible to begin redecoration and a further gift from Sir James Caird made it possible to open the wing as an integral part of the museum. The new galleries take up the story of British maritime history from the time of Napoleon's final defeat in 1815. One room, however, is to be devoted to special exhibitions—at the moment one on yachts and yachting.

QUEEN ELIZABETH VISITS THE LONDON SCOTTISH : The Queen, as Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, presented her pipe banner to the 1st Battalion, The London Scottish (The Gordon Highlanders), at the regimental headquarters, Buckingham Gate, and also accepted, on behalf of the Regiment, pipe banners from the five cities of Scotland. *On left*—**Her Majesty presents the pipe banners to the Battalion. She was received by Colonel R. J. L. Ogilby, and by a guard of honour with the King's Colour.** *On right*—**Pipe-Major E. B. Ledgett with the pipe banner. The Queen watched an exhibition foursome reel performed by the regimental dancing team.**

JULY DAYS

A RECORD OF EVENTS AT HOME AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FESTIVAL SUMMER

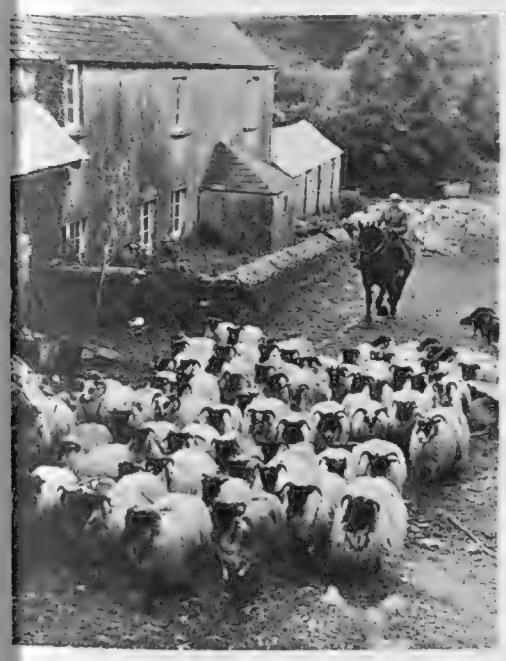
CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR CHRISTMAS : Some of the 15,000 chrysanthemums at a nursery in Wickford, Essex, which were planted out in January and February and which will be ready to cut from October onwards to December. Many of these flowers will decorate our homes at Christmas-time, bringing colour into the first dark months of winter. Meanwhile three men are kept busy at the nursery caring for the young plants. Among the many lovely varieties being grown are American Beauty, Sports, Blazing Gold, Penrod and Cambria.

SCARBOROUGH HONOURS THE "FATHER OF AERONAUTICS" : Lord Brabazon of Tara unveiled a statue of Sir George Cayley, "Father of Aeronautics," when the Scarborough Festival of Britain was opened on June 30. The exhibition tells in detail the story of man's conquest of the air from the time in 1809 when Sir George launched his "skimmer" or glider, to the present day. One of Sir George's earliest experiments, in 1796, was a toy designed on the propeller principle and actuated by a bent bow. At the beginning of the nineteenth century he predicted the combustion engine.

AN ADMIRABLE DAY'S SPORT FOR LIGHT CRAFT IN THE WEST COUNTRY—SAILING ON THE TAMAR DURING THE SALTASH REGATTA: Framed by the overhanging trees, yachts taking part in the Saltash Regatta sail down the River Tamar which separates Devon from Cornwall. This is one of the West Country's most popular regattas. On many rivers and in a host of coastal towns, small regattas such as this reflect the enthusiasm of Britain's youth in the sport of yachting. This view of the river is taken just a little to the left of the Tamar ferry and Brunel's 2,240-ft. railway bridge which spans the river between Saltash and Devonport.

WHEN THE TIDE WAS STRONGER THAN THE WIND—A CALM OVERSPREADS THE FIRTH FOR THE OPENING OF THE CLYDE FESTIVAL FORTNIGHT OFF ROTHESAY: Members of one of the participating yachts use their oars in an attempt to keep level at the starting-line in a becalmed sea on the opening day of the regatta. Owing to the lack of wind the start of the first race was postponed for half an hour, but in the afternoon a light wind gave way to a good sailing breeze. The first of the two International trophies at stake in the Dragon Class went to Denmark, after the Danish racer *Lil* had become an easy winner in the opening race of the series for the Duke of Edinburgh Cup.

ONE OF THE DRAGON CLASS YACHTS COMPETING FOR THE EDINBURGH CUP: Mr. Tom C. Riggs' *Octavia*, which finished second in one of the races for the Duke of Edinburgh Cup, seen on the first day of the Clyde Festival Fortnight.



BUSY DAYS ON THE LOFTY TABLELAND OF DEVON—SHEEP-SHEARING AT A FARMYARD ON DARTMOOR: *Left*—The sheep are driven through a farmyard on their way to Meary for the shearing. *Right*—The "clippings" are gathered together and carried away after the shearing. The current high prices now being paid for wool make even a small clip, such as the one illustrated above, a highly-profitable proposition.

MOVING A FAMILY OF SWANS

THE START OF A JOINT OPERATION AT EDMONTON, NORTH LONDON—POLICE AND R.S.P.C.A. OFFICERS PREPARE TO MOVE TWO SWANS AND EIGHT CYGNETS FROM A BROOK TO A LAKE: While an R.S.P.C.A. inspector stands by holding a special stick with a loop at its end, a police-sergeant throws food to the birds to entice them to one spot. The police and R.S.P.C.A. had been called in to remove the family of swans from Salmon's Brook after they had been declared a danger to local residents. After the parent swans had been captured with the aid of the special stick, they were taken with their eight cygnets in a police van to their new home at Picketts Lock, a large lake at Edmonton.

THE EVACUATION GETS UNDER WAY: Wading in shallow water, R.S.P.C.A. Inspector Fred Haythorne throws the loop over the neck of the "pen"—the female swan.

INTRODUCING THE DISPLACED FAMILY TO THEIR NEW HOME: The two swans and cygnets are placed into the water at Picketts Lock, a large lake at Edmonton.

AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER: The two swans and eight cygnets swim away out of reach of the police, the R.S.P.C.A. inspectors and the loop.

The World of Sport

WIMBLEDON — HENLEY
RHEIMS AND THE AVUS

THE BATTLEFIELDS OF WIMBLEDON—WHERE THE LAWN TENNIS KINGS AND QUEENS OF A DOZEN NATIONS MATCHED THEIR SKILL: These are aerial pictures of the All England Club courts at Wimbledon, during the 1951 Lawn Tennis Championships which ended last week. In the Women's Singles the challenge to longstanding American dominance failed once more, though not without a fight. Spectators saw the magnificent struggle of Mrs. Walker-Smith before her defeat by the American, Miss Fry, while Mottram's brief hour of conquest over Drobny raised British hopes as they had not been raised since the days of Austin and Perry.

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, WINS FROM MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD, IN THE THAMES CUP: In a chilly breeze that called for coats and scarves, spectators at the Royal Henley Regatta watch New College win by 3 ft. in one of the many thrilling races of the first day. The Thames Cup produced some of the most exciting moments, but the most dramatic race came in the "Diamonds" when Canadian J. Guest, Jnr., was beaten by the Olympic oarsman, E. Larsen, of Denmark.

FIRST DAY AT HENLEY: Forty-nine races took place on the first day of the Henley Royal Regatta last week. Here the University of London crew is seen beating Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, in a heat of the Thames Challenge Cup. At the end of a day of magnificent racing it was clear that here again competitors from other countries would offer strenuous opposition to the best of their British rivals. It was a day of many surprises, the biggest when Tony Rowe, holder of the Diamonds, was beaten by the Dutch champion, C. T. Neumeier, who failed last year to get farther than the semi-finals and who this time won by three lengths.

BERLIN HOLDS ITS FIRST POST-WAR INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-RACING MEETING ON THE AVUS COURSE: Pim Richardson, in car No. 183, leads on the south curve of the track as he displays the form which brought him victory in the small-car (Form 3) class. More than 200,000 spectators attended the meeting, which also included motor-cycle events. There were no accidents. Britain's two chief hopes in the 2-litre class, S. Moss and L. Macklin, both of whom drove HWM cars, had to retire from the race with engine trouble.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE ALFA-ROMEO TEAM—JUAN FANGIO, OF ARGENTINA, WINS THE 376-MILE, 77-LAP GRAND PRIX D'EUROPE AT RHEIMS: Fangio, in car No. 4, is seen in the lead at the start of the race. He won the race at the record average speed of 110·97 m.p.h., beating Italy's A. Ascari, by nearly one minute. Fangio's time was 3 hours 22 mins. 11 secs. Britain's Reg Parnell, who drove a 4½-litre Ferrari, finished fourth and other Alfa-Romeos came fifth, tenth and eleventh. Fangio was well up throughout the race and unchallenged for the last twenty laps.

THE PLANE THAT CONQUERED SPACE AND THE BOMBER WHICH HELPED IT ON ITS WAY : The rocket-propelled Douglas Skyrocket, which at one and the same time flew at a record altitude and at a record speed after being released from beneath the fuselage of a B 29 bomber, seen with the parent plane shortly after taking off from Edwards Air Force Base, Muroc Dry Lake, Southern California, on the first of the record flights. It was afterwards announced by the U.S. Navy that the Skyrocket had travelled at over 1,000 m.p.h. at a height of about twelve miles. The first and second test flights lasted eleven minutes and sixteen minutes respectively.

THE RECORD-BREAKING PLANE, STILL ATTACHED TO THE FUSELAGE OF THE B 29 BOMBER, IS REVVED UP FOR 52 SECONDS PRIOR TO RELEASE : This dramatic picture was taken at an altitude of 35,000 ft., when the B 29 was cruising at 240 m.p.h. A moment later the Skyrocket was streaking away on its solo flight.

THE MAN WHO HAS TRAVELLED FASTER THAN ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING IN HISTORY : William Bridgeman, test pilot and Navy air veteran of the Second World War, at the controls of the Douglas Skyrocket, the supersonic rocket craft in which he travelled at over 1,000 m.p.h. in recent trials over the Mojave Desert. He wore for the flight a special pressure suit, rather like deep-sea divers' equipment.

FLYING AT OVER 1,000 M.P.H. ABOVE THE MOJAVE DESERT

The U.S. Navy Claims a World Record with its Supersonic Experimental Douglas Skyrocket, the D-558-2

MOMENT OF RELEASE : The Skyrocket parting company with the B 29. Bridgeman, in describing his experiences, said that at this moment when the Skyrocket shot away he felt as if he was "going right out of the world."

THE SKYROCKET IN SOLO FLIGHT : The Douglas experimental plane after release from the parent bomber which helped it on its way.

THE CONQUERORS OF SPACE : Test pilot Bridgeman standing beside the Douglas Skyrocket after landing at Edwards Air Force Base.

It has been known for some time that the Douglas Skyrocket, the U.S. Navy's experimental plane, has repeatedly exceeded the speed of sound in level flight, but it came as a surprise to experts and laymen alike when it was revealed last week that the rocket-propelled plane had exceeded 1,000 m.p.h., flying at an altitude of twelve miles, where the temperature is 67 degrees below zero and the pilot flies in the blackness of pure space. The highest previous speed claim was that of the U.S. Air Force, with its Bell X 1 which, the world was told, had exceeded the speed of sound "by hundreds of miles an hour." The record flight depicted on this page was made by the Skyrocket above the Mojave Desert of Southern California. This was the first of two flights, and it lasted less than a quarter of an hour. In describing his experience, test pilot Bridgeman said that he expended his three tons of fuel at the rate of a ton a minute, thereafter gliding his craft down to a landing at the Edwards Base. Supplementing the cabin pressurisation, Mr. Bridgeman wore a secret pressure suit resembling deep-sea divers' equipment, replete with a helmet with a plastic face-piece and a little windshield-wiper to clear away condensed breath. Although the sky at 12 miles above the earth is black, the pilot said he was so busy watching gauges—"it was practically an instrument flight"—that he did not even have time to observe the colouring outside. "I just put the Skyrocket at an angle of about forty-five degrees and hung on until I reached the altitude they had asked for. After that I pushed over," he said, "and looked out for Lake Muroc, just in case I should get too far away from home."

WHEN THE UNITED STATES NAVY TUG "COCOPA" PUT IN AT ANATAHAN, AN ISLAND IN THE MARIANAS GROUP IN THE PACIFIC, HER CREW MADE CONTACT WITH NINETEEN JAPANESE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS WHO HAD BEEN MAROONED ON THE ISLAND SINCE 1944 AND WHO HAVE ONLY LATELY LEARNT THAT THE PACIFIC WAR IS OVER: *Left*—Men of the *Cocopa* lowering a boat to go ashore to make contact with the marooned men, nineteen survivors of an original band of thirty-three isolated at Anatahan after their ships had been sunk in the harbour there in June 1944 by American dive-bombers. *Right*—Chief Engineer Katsusabure Usui, formerly of the Imperial Japanese Navy, going aboard the U.S. *Cocopa* to surrender to Lieut.-Commander Robert Shannon. In between them stands an interpreter.

The STRANGE STORY of ANATAHAN

AND THE NINETEEN JAPANESE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MAROONED THERE WITHOUT KNOWING THE WAR WAS OVER

In THE SPHERE of June 30, Iunyi Inoue, forty-three-year-old former engineer of the Imperial Japanese Navy, was depicted after being rescued by a U.S. naval expedition from Anatahan, in the Marianas Islands, where he was one of thirty-three Japanese soldiers and sailors who were marooned seven years ago during the war in the Pacific. Iunyi Inoue told his rescuers that most of the men he left behind were firmly convinced that Japan was still at war with the United States and that they planned to defend themselves to the death. Since Inoue's rescue, however, the other nineteen survivors have been rescued, and, while bearing out Inoue's story in the main details, they declare that he was their leader for a while and that he ruled so harshly that they had to banish him to the other end of Anatahan.

The last survivors, who were picked up at the end of June by the U.S. tug *Cocopa*, and taken to Saipan, described how they were only convinced that the war was over when the U.S. Navy sent a plane which dropped letters and photographs from home.

The nineteen hold-outs were as healthy as they had been stubborn. They had lived well on fish, wild pork, fresh fruit and vegetables on Anatahan.

Six of the original band were slain—five in the disputes over a woman amongst them—and five were victims of accidents, three of them drowning. One of the marooned men, who knew the Buddhist ritual, officiated at funerals. The group observed the days by means of a calendar, charcoal marks being made on a piece of metal taken from a crashed bomber.

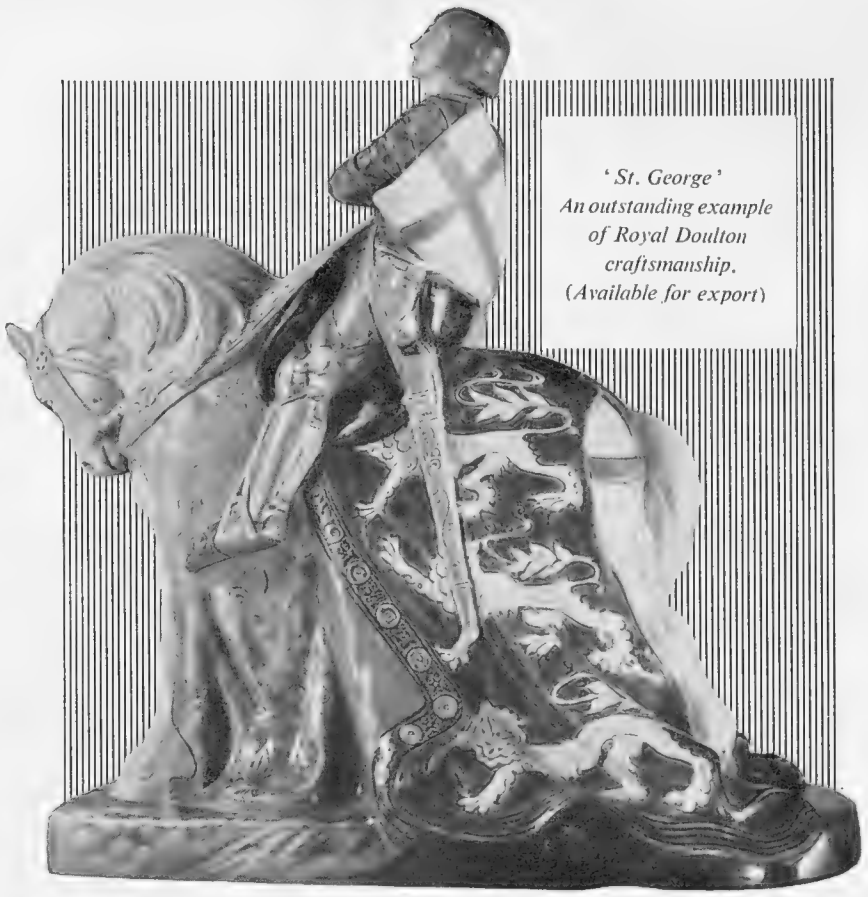
THE SURRENDER SIGNAL FROM THE SHORE: As the boat from the United States Navy tug approached the appointed place on the shores of Anatahan the party of surrendering Japanese waved a white flag.

WAVING GOOD-BYE TO ANAHATAN, THEIR "HOME-FROM-HOME" FOR SEVEN YEARS: *Right*—The surrendered Japanese soldiers and sailors seen thronging the deck of the United States tug *Cocopa* as they set sail for civilisation. *Left*—A distant view of the island where the Japanese established themselves, living there for seven years, for a great part of the time under the domination of a ruthless character, who threatened to kill anyone attempting to leave the island and persuaded most of his comrades that the war was still going on, even though most of them came in time to be convinced to the contrary.

Royal Doulton on display

The display of colourful pottery at the South Bank Exhibition —in which the Royal Doulton Potteries have the honour to be represented—may prove bitter-sweet to home visitors. But we look forward to the time when our decorated china and other wares will be available to *all.*

In this spirit, Festival visitors are invited to a special Exhibition at nearby Doulton House to see for themselves how the traditions and standards of the past are being maintained—and even enhanced—by Royal Doulton designers and craftsmen of today. It includes tableware, china figures, Toby and character jugs, and ceramic sculpture. Also on view is a series of original colour paintings by Gordon Nicoll, R.I., depicting the theme " Pottery through the Ages."



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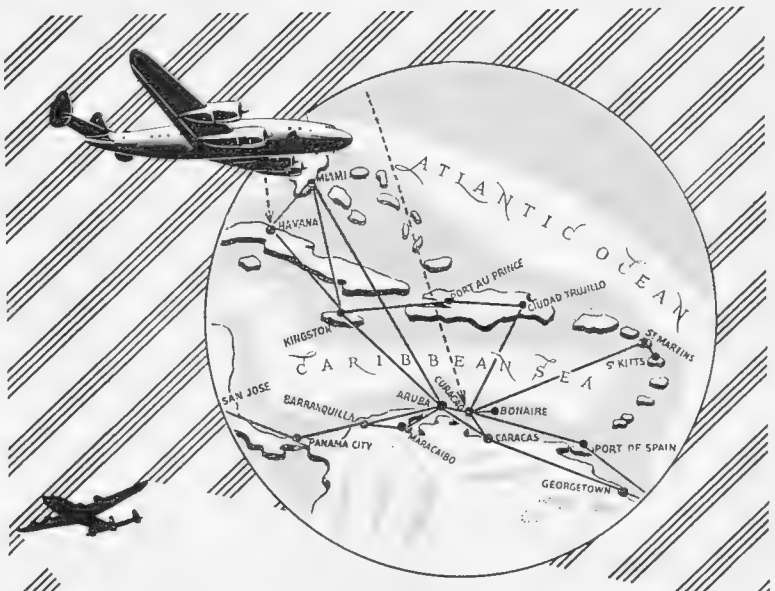

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BRONTËS: EXPLANATION of an EXPLANATION

A Serious Study of the Three Sisters of Haworth Which is at the Same Time Splendidly Readable—A Reconstruction of Their Lives at the Parsonage

IT is difficult to decide whether the Brontës have proved a boon or a dangerous temptation to fellow-writers since they died, so often have they been written up and written down, dissected, analysed, explained and interpreted in their lives and writings, and most of this, oddly enough, by other women. Miss Kathleen Wallace is the latest to advance theories on the ever-fascinating subject, and she has called her book "a personal interpretation mainly in fictional form of the lives and works of the Brontës." In other words, an explanation of an explanation. But IMMORTAL WHEAT (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is something beyond that, and better than that, too.

It is, for one thing, splendidly readable which, even in a serious study, is never a bad thing, and does allow a reader to approach a problem more freshly than if he has first to plough through a maze of annotations and disquisitions. The first and longest part of the book is devoted to a reconstruction of their lives at Haworth, in Brussels and on their rare excursions to London or Scarborough, where Anne Brontë lies buried. The second part consists of analyses of their books, poetry and verse, and the third brief part with a "personal word," a heading that one would have thought redundant unless there is a new danger of words and opinions being either impersonal or generalised. The whole is a book to enjoy, even if it is occasionally provoking, for, as the writer says: "There are so many of us to whom the Brontës are peculiarly precious; this book is the voice of one of them, thinking aloud to the others."

TO SEIZE A DREAM (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is somewhere between fiction and biography. Probably the publishers have been most adroit when they have labelled it as a drama, for the dramatic is what it most closely approaches in its recital of the shining highlights and murky shadows of the career of the painter Delacroix. He was said to have been the illegitimate son of Talleyrand, and Mrs. Virginia Hersch is not the author to let a dramatic supposition of the kind be underplayed. Delacroix was a child at school when Napoleon was marching on Moscow, and grew up during the romantic period, with Chopin, George Sand, Baudelaire and Stendhal for his friends. He was a considerable painter and a fine draughtsman, and as he lay dying he was elected as a final honour to the Institute of France. Perhaps there are few new facts in this evocation of Delacroix' life, but the book does at least help to give one a lively interest in the work of a painter who deserves more than recognition.

The pleasure that women are said to get from a new hat, or sportsmen from landing some vast trout, or politicians (possibly) from a pat on the back in their favourite weekly, others find in a new novel by one of their most cherished authors, and especially when that author writes all too rarely. M. J. Farrell comes into this category for me, although nowadays it is more as a playwright that we hear of her. LOVING WITHOUT TEARS (Collins. 9s. 6d.) does, as a matter of fact, bear a slight imprint of the playwright's technique, although it is a successfully accomplished novel. There are three principal sets, for example: the over-furnished drawing-room, the vast, old kitchen, and the quay below the castle. In these, the principal scenes are played out, and subsidiary scenes (in a street, a bedroom, or a toolshed) could, one feels, easily be done against a painted curtain. The finale, too, is a little over-neat with everyone accounted for, though perhaps with less ruthlessness than in *Hamlet*, and every character's future plans tied up in a neat bow. Nevertheless, and in spite of this rather carping attitude of mine, the novel is wholly amusing, and a perfect complement to a perfect summer's day.

BLANDINGS' WAY (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) has its moments of fun, too. This is the half-humorous, half-satirical account of what happened to Mr. Blandings after he had built that dream house of his, an epic struggle which you may remember described in a very funny American book some time ago. Now Mr. Eric Hodgins has taken up Mr. B.'s life approximately where he laid it down, and shows him as installed in his comfortable country home, travelling daily to New York and earning solid sums of money by his work in an advertising agency. But some kind of country worm has eaten into Mr. B.'s soul, and he feels that a day-long preoccupation with Queeze, the new luncheon spread, or Arf, the dog food with three Balanced Odours, is not good enough, even if they are prosperous accounts.

He launches out into country politics in what he plans as a mild way, until he finds half the township

WHEN FREDERICK THE GREAT WROTE FROM PRISON: These bound letters, recently auctioned in Hamburg for £130, were written by Frederick between the years 1731 and 1732 after he had been imprisoned at Custrin following his court-martial, itself a consequence of his attempt to escape to England from the tyranny of the Prussian parade-ground. The letters, written to Frau Vonwreach, belong to a period when Frederick's whole character underwent a remarkable change, the gentle pleasure-lover turning into an embittered cynic who had sworn never again to show human feeling or to trust in the goodness of human nature.

calling him a Communist and the other half advising his liquidation as an entrenched capitalist, while his wife and daughters watch his activities with that indulgent cynicism which has driven male idealists to drink before now. In the end, said to confess, Mr. Blandings suggests to his family that they should sell the house and go back to the city, and, equally sad to record, his idea is greeted with shouts of feminine glee. An amusing novel, and nearly up to the standard of its predecessor, which is praise indeed.

DUPLICATE DEATH (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is Miss Georgette Heyer's first thriller for exactly ten years, and although I do complain that that is much too long an interval, it has been worth waiting for. The duplicate in question is a bridge term, or can be, and the subject of the very well-knit story of a double murder as horrid and as neatly contrived as may be imagined. Since Miss Heyer appears to find it impossible to write without humour, this story of hers, grim as it is, has its funny moments and some very sensible representatives of our police force.

Of the great showmen of the twentieth century, the most important name on the English list is undoubtedly Charles B. Cochran, who understood and produced not only musical revues, but plays, pantomimes, wrestling matches, boxing matches, concerts, circuses, and almost every item in show business. His favourite theatre was the Pavilion in Piccadilly Circus, but he had links with many others, and in the fifty years of his career presented Spanish dancers, Russian ballerinas, French actresses, brilliant coloured casts from America, New York comediennes, and even a singing duck. (I remember seeing it.)

"Cockie's" scope was immense, his industry and vitality bywords, and in all his life we are told that he only lost his temper twice. THE COCHRAN STORY (W. H. Allen. 17s. 6d.) is told with suitable liveliness and *brio* by Mr. Charles Graves, for whom this full and very well-documented biography has been something of a labour of love, since he was for many years one of those who had the privilege of Sir Charles' close friendship. The knighthood that was awarded in 1948 pleased Cochran very much, but his was no more than the delight of his acquaintances in the theatrical world, who felt, and rightly, that with his title the theatre itself was being honoured.

Canon W. H. Elliott has been known to scores of thousands by his broadcast talks and to almost as many by his newspaper articles. For both, and often for his sermons, his chosen style was simple, direct and humorous, and its success was unquestioned. Now, with his autobiography, UNDISCOVERED ENDS (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.), Canon Elliott writes in the same unaffected, almost colloquial way, and tells a story of a poor and unhappy childhood, a hard-working, devout life and a maturity during which he has been Domestic Chaplain to King George V and later Chaplain to our present King. Canon Elliott, who now lives retired in his native Sussex, has suffered throughout his life with recurrent illness, and his struggles against that make the background to what many would call the brilliant career of a churchman.

Mr. Julian Amery has undertaken the redoubtable task of completing the monumental biography begun by the late J. L. Garvin, and has now produced the fourth volume of THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (Macmillan. 30s.), covering the years 1901 to 1903. The material left by Garvin has been used in this, and will also form the basis for the concluding volume which will be concerned with a detailed study of the Tariff Reform campaign, and its effects upon the fortunes of the Unionist Party. The final form of six volumes should constitute not only a classic biography, but a picture of English political life and English foreign policy during nearly half a century.

WINSTON CHURCHILL 1874-1951 (Hutchinson. 21s.) is an extended version of Mr. Lewis Broad's biography, first published ten years ago, and presented here in a form so massive that the reader may well wish that it, too, had been published in more than one volume. There is an index, and besides this a list of Mr. Churchill's books, the offices he has held, his election record and even the details of his family's birthdays.

"PRINNY'S" OVEN

The History of the Brighton Pavilion

"The romanticism of the Regency age was an urge to restore, after the intellectual aridities and emotional superficialities of the Augustan decline, the emotional richness and fervour of imagined mediæval and Oriental worlds." In this vein writes Clifford Musgrave in ROYAL PAVILION (Bredon and Heginbothom. 15s.), a full-length account of the Prince Regent's Pavilion at Brighton and of the life that passed within its gaily-coloured walls. The author, who is Director of the Royal Pavilion Estate and of the Brighton Library, Art Gallery and Museum, recalls some of the excited comment with which the Pavilion was first greeted. There were many who looked upon it with ridicule, notably Anthony Pasquin, who, writing in the *New Brighton Guide* in 1796, declared: "The Pavilion is built principally in wood; it is a nondescript monster in building, and appears like a mad house, or a house run mad, as it has neither beginning, middle, nor end. . . . The room in which the Prince usually dines may be compared to a sort of oven; when the fire is lighted the inmates are nearly baked or incrusted." It was to this oven that "Prinny" brought his luckless bride, appointing as her lady-in-waiting his vixenish favourite, Lady Jersey, who never ceased to humiliate the Princess. Mr. Musgrave tells us that the unfortunate Princess Caroline had captured the sympathy of the Brighton public—as indeed she had of the whole nation—and the Prince found that his popularity in the town had waned. As a result he spent the season of 1796 at Bognor. Altogether, this is a most intriguing little volume, admirably blended in its presentation of historical anecdotes and architectural fact.

The story of the posts of England, for so long a Royal monopoly and now a profitable State-run business, is perhaps most remarkable for the men of private enterprise who brought the carrying of mails to the pitch of efficiency we know to-day. In ROYAL MAIL (Rockliff. 21s.) F. George Kay traces the development of the service from the days of Edward IV, when couriers, carrying Royal messages, with power to requisition horses and guides, posted through from north to south and south to north, bringing news of the Scottish war and carrying fresh orders for the men in the field. Considering the state of the roads at that time it was a remarkably efficient service, a letter being carried 200 miles in two days. By the end of the fifteenth century England had a Royal Mail system still acting only when occasion arose, and this was supplemented by the monastic posts and the side-line services of the carriers. It was Henry VIII who planned a postal service controlled by the Crown. His first Master of the King's Posts was Brian Tuke. With typical Tudor parsimony, however, Tuke was granted only a miserable budget, and Mr. Kay records his letter of complaint that all too often horses had to be taken out of ploughs and carts to carry the mails on their next stage. Despite his many troubles, however, Tuke did establish a service which in his own lifetime became a permanent feature of national life. Another great name was that of Thomas Witherings, the Mercer, who, in mid-seventeenth century, actually created a London-Antwerp service of three days. No less deserving of honour is the name of William Dockwra, who, in the face of considerable opposition from official sources, started on his own a London Penny Post, carrying letters and packets to and from any parish in the cities of London and Westminster. He must have had considerable organising ability, for on an April day in 1680 Londoners found that hundreds of taverns and shops hung out notices that letters for the Penny Post were taken there. While Dockwra created an urban post, Ralph Allen, of Bath, the Mæcenas of the West, saw the possibilities of developing the rural cross-posts, serving the towns and cities off the main posting routes. Finally, in the Victorian age, there was the brilliant co-ordinator of the post, Rowland Hill. When he died, loaded with honours, Hill was buried in Westminster Abbey among the warriors, the politicians and the poets. Mr. Kay's record of the Royal Mail brings us right up to the present day, when 8,000,000,000 items are posted every year and 30,000,000 of British postage stamps are printed daily. It is a wonderful story, ably told.

The Land of France, a near classic of our times, was the first of the Batsford Books on the countries of Europe. Those which have followed have all reached a high standard, and this remains true of the latest of them, BELGIUM AND LUXEMBOURG (Batsford. 15s.), by Tudor Edwards. The author includes French Flanders in his survey, taking us across the border from Tournai to Lille into Artois and Picardy, for these provinces he rightly wishes to assess as part of a great cultural unity which takes no note of natural boundaries.

In FORGOTTEN PORTS OF ENGLAND (Evans Brothers. 21s.) George Goldsmith Carter rebuilds for the reader such ghost cities as Dunwich, the East Anglian port which now lies beneath the waves, and Portus Lemanæ, in Roman days the chief port of call for the galleys from Gaul. Orford, Richborough and Reculver are other ports upon the author's fascinating east and south coast journeyings.

Here are two books for the nature-lover: BRITISH PLANTS AND THEIR USES, by H. L. Edlin (Batsford. 15s.), a handsomely illustrated volume; also BEST NATURE STORIES (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.). This anthology has been chosen by David Gunston.

ONE HUNDRED SELECTED GAMES (Macgibbon and Kee. 18s.) is the work of M. M. Botvinnik, one of the most brilliant of modern exponents of chess. The translation is by Stephen Garry.

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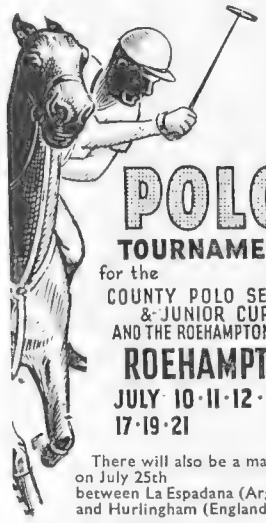

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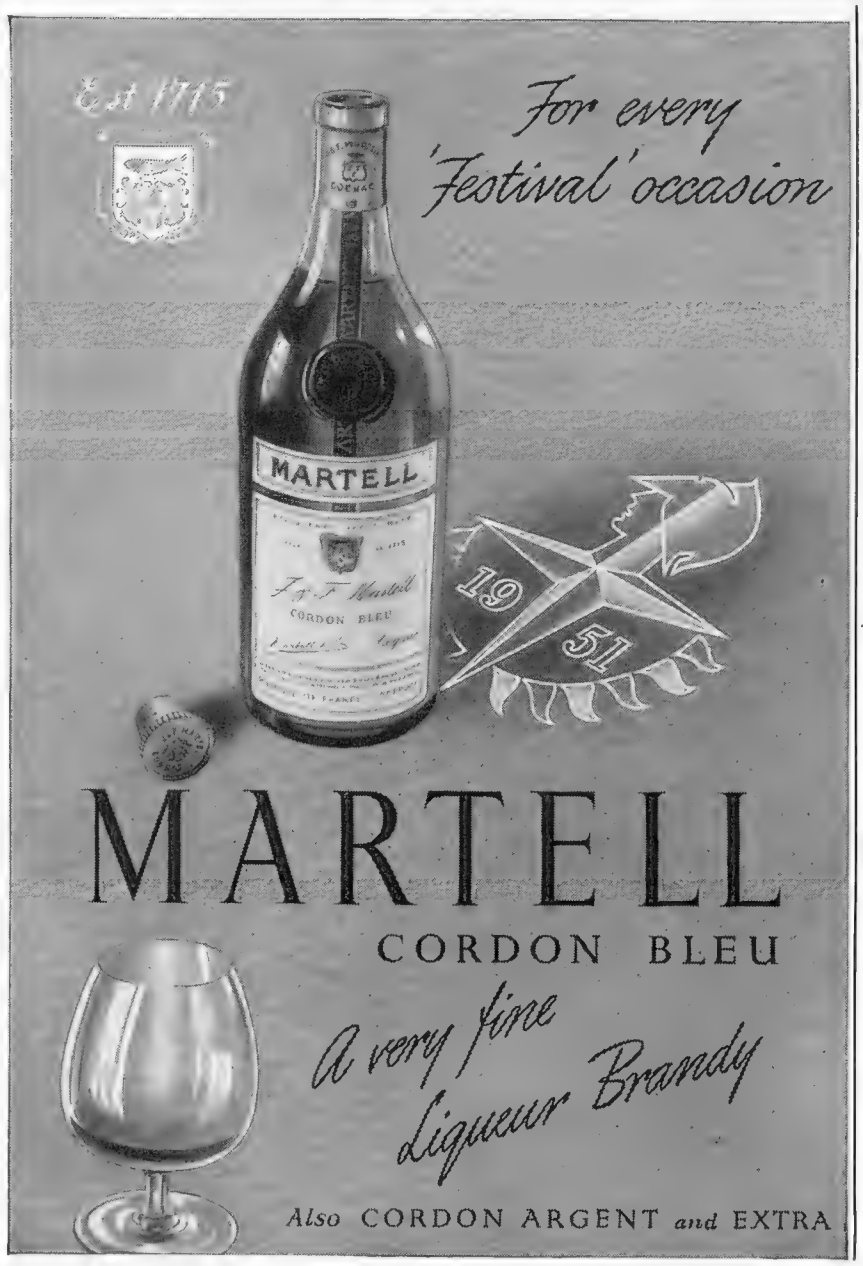

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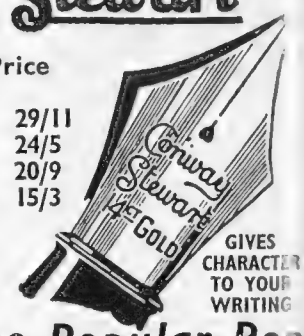

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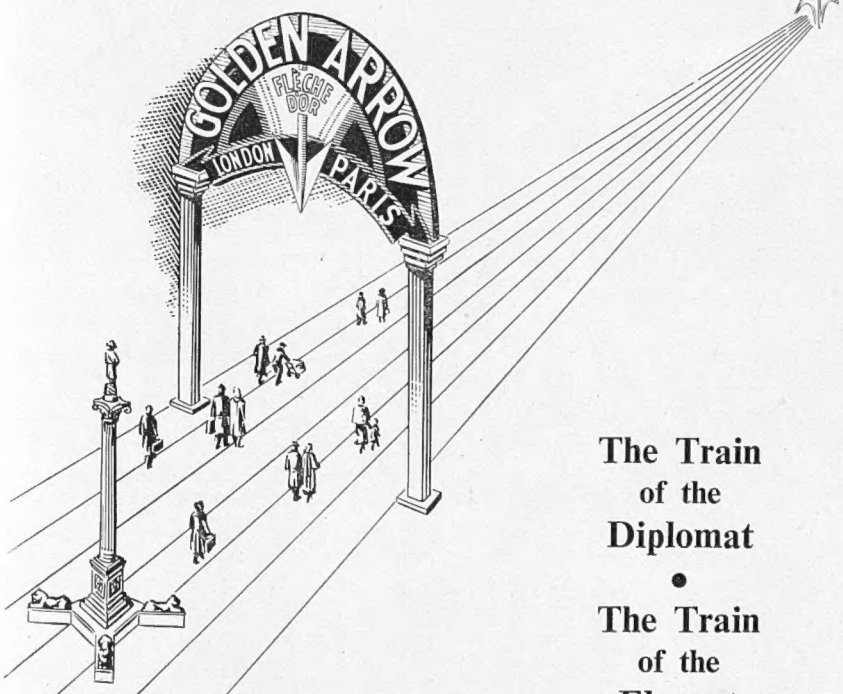

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